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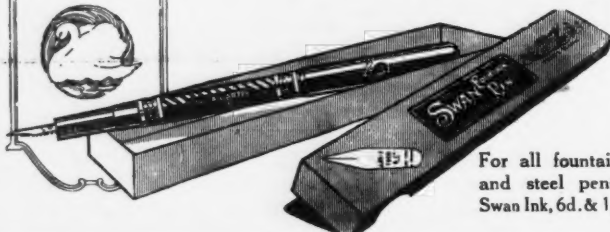
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NOT AS IN 1913

NOW that Peace is signed many assume that the country will gradually revert to the conditions that prevailed in 1913. To dream of that is possible only to the unimaginative. For the tangible, visible changes would preclude it, even if there had not been still more important changes that are intangible and invisible. Five years ago Germany loomed in Europe like some huge and sinister giant, dominating the Continent and threatening to dominate the world. She contemplated the war that has taken place with an eye as keen on her pocket as on her glory. The practical elimination of Germany from the European scheme of things is a feat that seemed well-nigh impossible at the beginning of the war. Even in the last year those who examined the situation dispassionately were not at all certain that it could be done. Not in the history of the world has there been a greater achievement than the destruction and humiliation of the strongest and most formidable organisation for war recorded in the history of mankind. The defeat of Germany would itself spell no return to 1913 if there were nothing else. But there is much more to be considered. For the moment it is well that the air should echo with plaudits to the victors. The accomplishment of so great a task is an event that must call forth a

paean of thankfulness just now, and will engage the attention of history as long as time lasts. But with the old Germany much else has passed away.

The war has been a great awakener, and the ideals of 1913 would satisfy nobody to-day. The spirit of man has undergone one of those marvellous transformations which do not occur once in a thousand years. The normal development is regular and slow. But mankind, stirred to its depths by the hopes, fears and anxieties engendered by this struggle, has suddenly become alive to a thousand new ideals which were struggling vainly for expression during more torpid periods. The relations of class to class, the responsibilities of men and women not only to the world at large, but to the generations yet unborn, the attitude of each to the well-being of all—these have been borne in on the public consciousness with a flood of light. But it would be gross self-flattery on the part of the nation to say that only good impulses have sprung from the crisis. Just as in war nobility of action and of sentiment exist side by side with truculence and cruelty, so, that self-abnegation which we call patriotism is the seed growing among pestilent weeds such as the basest forms of ambition and greed. After we have conquered Germany there still remains a formidable enemy to deal with at home. The immediate business, indeed, is to rally the mental and spiritual energies of the country in order to combat the new spirit of unruliness, as well as to get rid of the heavy burdens which war has brought upon us. Unfortunately, every class and every individual does not see this situation with the same eye, and despite the exultation of the moment there is serious danger of internal conflict taking place between clashing ideals of conduct and government. The germs of these undoubtedly did exist before the war, but they have been pushed forward with startling rapidity, and at a time when excitement is so prevalent and impulse so irresistible it will take the greatest care to maintain the British Empire. That was a trouble not experienced in 1913, and must cause a complete change from the past. In other words, a chapter of history has been closed, and we now start a new one; the range of its possibilities is incapable of definition.

A good deal of this may sound abstract, but if we descend to the concrete it will only illustrate the situation. The British Empire cannot be what it was in 1913 because it has incurred a huge additional debt. That is one side of the account. The other is that it has tried the bonds uniting its centre and its distant limbs with a test of fire, and has emerged triumphantly from the ordeal. The Empire has had a rebirth owing to war. That is, indeed, the happiest of all the auguries. If the Empire holds, the rest will right itself in good time. But the State, from being rich, has become poor and debt-ridden, though the individual citizen refuses to recognise it. Since the signing of the Armistice waste has increased at a rate constantly accelerating. The country, or those who compose it, are unconscious of this because there is as yet plenty of borrowed money with which to buy enjoyment. When this is spent will begin an era of labour and, it is to be feared, suffering. At present so many vague hopes have been stirred in the mind of the worker that there is universal grounds for the complaint that he is too excited to settle down to that commonplace, ordinary, task—work on which prosperity and happiness ultimately depend. The situation is one to bewilder the social reformer. He has been rendered more alive than ever to the needs of the masses and is full of plans for their general improvement. He would like the land to be one for heroes, and every cottage to be as comfortable as a palace. He has new ideas of sanitation and health and a hundred other things, but his will to put them in practice is hampered by the knowledge that the means for doing so have shrunk till they are insufficient. He, therefore, is forced to the conviction that before his benevolent dreams can be realised the country must bend its energies to that work by which alone it is possible to increase the national wealth and thereby reduce debt and lessen the burden on the citizen. All this implies a life very different from that we were living in 1913. It will be more strenuous since the very heavens seem to echo with the command for the nation to work as it never has worked before. It will be more unselfish, for the nation, purged by suffering, has been illuminated by a new sense of the duty of each to contribute to the happiness of all. Less prejudiced and conventional because, in close touch with reality, less easily deceived by appearances.

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COUNTRY NOTES.



DURING the past week two great [historical events have overshadowed all others in importance. They are the signing of the Peace Treaty and the return of British Ministers from the Conference. Versailles, the House of Nemesis, formed a noble and fitting stage for the drama. In the Hall of Mirrors, where, fifty years ago, Bismarck and the old Emperor dictated Peace to the French, their successors sullenly and silently appeared in an opposite rôle. The German delegates were obscure and hitherto unknown men. Silently they entered the room and silently they wrote their names. With that signature was formally ended the dream and the Empire of the Hohenzollerns. Like froth on the sea at the wind's imperious bidding there flew asunder the vast conspiracy which was to have made the rest of the world subject to the Teuton. Europe that has groaned under its threat for half a century felt the relief of one who gets rid of a hideous nightmare. For the event meant more than the downfall of a solitary tyrant. Whatsoever happens in the future, Europe will not have room for Romanoffs and Hapsburgs any more than for the family of Hohenzollern. With this Treaty the age of tyranny and absolute government has ended. Democracy has triumphed. In the apt words of King George, "the ideals of freedom and liberty" have emerged victoriously from the conflict.

NO honour can be too great for the British Ministers of whose labours this was the consummation. The King and the Heir Apparent acted exactly as their lieges would have them act when they met the Prime Minister and his colleagues with a simple but most hearty British welcome. Those who fought to secure this end and those also whose dearest are sleeping in distant countries recognise now that the toil and the sacrifice have not been in vain. It has pleased the Ruler of all to put down the Mighty from their seats, and it is in obedience to a right instinct that honour should be paid to those who have been the instruments. Arduous the task of framing this gigantic Treaty always was, and at times it must have seemed thankless. But the end crowns the work. The unspoken message which the delegates brought back from Paris was that the world is freed from an incubus and that each is now permitted to follow his appointed calling in freedom and security. Is there any who will argue that the gain to the world was not worth the sacrifice?

IN France the multitude broke at once into spontaneous and full-hearted rejoicing. They recognised that in the secular struggle between Teuton and Gaul, which through the ages has swayed now this way and now that, France had ended with an advantage which should ensure her safety for a century or it may be centuries to come. It is impossible to say more. There is a stubborn will to live and a power of work in the Teutons that make recovery only a matter of time. But they will not be able to resume their aggressive attitude for several generations. After the Treaty was signed M. Clemenceau avowed that the hour had come for which he had waited half a century. France was not reduced so near impotence in 1870 as Germany is to-day. The French were

always a frugal as well as a very gallant people, and from their old stockings and heaven knows where else they quickly produced the funds wherewith to meet the indemnity they had to pay in 1870. No surprise can be felt at the unconcealed relief of the French from the anxiety under which they have been since Bismarck dictated his harsh terms at Versailles.

ON this side of the Channel we are much more accustomed to self-restraint. Only in very exceptional circumstances does the phlegmatic Briton let himself go. For one ebullition of joy over victory in Great Britain there were more than a hundred in Berlin during the course of the war. This country took success and defeat with the same philosophic imperturbability. If we won a battle it only made us feel that we must win a larger one. No manifestation of joy or exultation was shown until Armistice night, and even then it was nothing to the "mafficking" that took place during the South African War. So it will be now. The signing of Peace, in reality, means as much to Great Britain as it does to France, but it does not mean so much in the way of removing an immediate threat. We know that during the past generation we have had to maintain a fleet and defences strong enough to hold the sea against the ships of the late Kaiser, and that it will no longer be necessary to do so. But we take such occurrences philosophically in this country.

A GOOD result of signing the Treaty is that it will give a stimulus to the purchase of Victory Bonds. It means that Peace is secured and the country left free to make good the ravages of war. In itself the security is a very tempting one. Those who have capital at their disposal could not find an opening better fitted to fulfil the requirements of most investors, that is to say, a high rate of interest combined with perfect security. We sympathise with those who complain of national extravagance, but the money subscribed on this occasion is not to be used for further expenditure in connection with the war. It is needed principally for the business of funding short loans and to meet the deficit on the year's estimates. These are circumstances which the cautious man will weigh carefully. He knows that economy is as incumbent on the Government as upon the individual. But the provision of a considerable sum for the purposes mentioned cannot be truly described as an encouragement of prodigality. It should also appeal to those who love a gambling chance. In short, the signing of Peace ought to have the result of ample funds being provided for carrying on the work of government, and it is primarily the business of the voter to see to it that retrenchment is made promptly wherever it is practicable.

TO A PICTURE.

(Heather in bloom: Morning.)

When, in my exile, I am tired and sad,
My wearied heart again grows warm and glad
With wondrous memories that thou canst bring:

The morning's sun across the valley-side,
And gorse and heather lit with Autumn's pride,
And shepherdess who seems almost to sing;

Thy master brought the soul of Mother Earth
To thee in that fair hour which gave thee birth!

East Africa, January, 1919.

MALCOLM HEMPHREY.

CARDIFF has just missed the record for attendance, as it is beaten by that of Manchester. The reason is simple enough. At a time when everything is going up in price the fee for admission was increased. It was 3s. for each person on the first three days, and 2s. on the fourth day. But it has been usual to make a 6d. day instead of a 2s. day, and no doubt the extra charge had the effect of keeping away some of those who would otherwise have gone. The financial result ought to be highly satisfactory, but it is surely desirable that a day when the entrance money is popular should be retained. It might have happened at Cardiff that sufficient 6d. visitors would have gone to make up more money than the limited number of 2s. visitors. It was only the last day when Cardiff lost the record. What we want, however, is that the Royal Agricultural Society should make every endeavour to interest the people of the town in agricultural topics. They are at present concerned mainly with the barren political discussions arising out of them. But nothing but good could follow from any step that had the effect of familiarising town people with the animals and implements of agriculture.

FOR some time past the record price for a Shorthorn bull has been advanced with bewildering frequency. A few years ago 2,000 guineas was thought to be the limit, but this year 4,500 guineas was given and now this figure has been entirely eclipsed by the sale of the Shorthorn bull, Edgcote Hero, belonging to Mr. A. J. Marshall, for 10,000 guineas—far and away the highest price ever given for a bull. The purchaser is a Scottish breeder who prefers to remain anonymous. The event is interesting as showing the high esteem in which the expert holds cattle of the strain of King Christian of Denmark. Edgcote Hero is a great-grandson of this wonderful and prepotent bull. He was one of the four bulls considered for the Championship at Cardiff, but was rejected in favour of the same owner's Gartly Lancer—a decision which did not meet with unanimous approval. Christian King, bred by the Prince of Wales, another descendant of King Christian of Denmark, was also in the running for the Championship. He is a grandson of King Christian of Denmark. The interesting point is that the immense price was given by a breeder, which signifies that it is regarded as a thoroughly sound business investment. It should be added that this exceptionally high price was not altogether an isolated event, but rather the culmination of the very heavy prices which have been paid for pedigree stock at Cardiff. It extended even to the pigs, one of which was sold for 600 guineas.

IT is some months now since we urged in these notes the need only, but the wisdom, of some new definition of "amateur" being come to by the National Amateur Rowing Association. To say "no person shall be considered an amateur oarsman . . . who is or has been by trade or employment for wages a mechanic, artisan, or labourer, or engaged in any menial duty" is to speak in the terms of an age that has gone for ever. Now the inevitable has happened. A crew of ex-Service men entered for the King's Cup for Allied eights and has been barred under this archaic rule. Since "direct action" is the popular solvent, the crew has appealed to the King to withdraw his Cup. The men claim that by every rule recognised in British sport they are amateur. The feeling is the more acrid because similarly qualified Colonial crews have been accepted. The whole business is extremely awkward; but, did it not create such a delicate situation, we could rejoice that the controversy should be thus crystallised.

THE distinguished cricketer who writes reminiscences in the *Times* read us a very interesting little homily a few days since on our lack of appreciation of good bowling. Some of the figures that he quoted were exceedingly illuminating, and he did well to remind us that Alfred Shaw and Morley could keep such supreme batsmen as Dr. W. G. Grace and Mr. A. P. Lucas rigidly upon the defensive. Not even the most frenzied preacher of brighter cricket has ever ventured to say that "W. G." was too slow and cautious a player. It is probably quite true that there are to-day fewer people content to watch a magnificent duel of skill between bowler and batsman without regard to the number of runs made. It is not that spectators have not the patience; they have not the knowledge. Anyone can appreciate a series of boundary hits, but to understand the goodness of good bowling requires an apprenticeship in the game. On the present writer, who played a little mild cricket abroad during the war after a very long interval, one fact made an impression. The British soldier could discuss most learnedly every trick and device of the professional football player, but when he came to cricket the half-volley that hit the stumps—and it did so far too often—appeared to him the finest ball that ever was bowled. In these circumstances, to expect cheers for a maiden over is asking too much, and the bowler must be satisfied with the consciousness of his own virtue.

NO big golf tournament of recent years has had so bewildering and exciting a finish as did that of last week at St. Andrews. As a rule, at the end of the crucial third round some one champion has put a fairly long gap between himself and the rest of the field and marches home to victory in the fourth round in tolerable comfort. This time, however, those who had possessed winning chances threw them away; and their pursuers, having closed the gap and caught them up, in their turn found the imminence of victory too much for them. There were at least five men who flung away great opportunities, and in the end two of them, Mitchell and Duncan, an Englishman and a Scotsman, had to rest content with a tie for first place. Wonderfully as the professionals play, they have not yet quite come back to the standard of skill that was theirs before the war. They lack nothing of their old brilliancy at present, but a little

of consistency. Their long rest from the strain of competition together with the long strain of other kinds has a little shaken that supreme confidence that can make a most difficult shot at a most critical moment.

AGRICULTURISTS who have been led to believe that potatoes could be utilised for the production of petrol will be disappointed with the conclusion arrived at by the Inter-departmental Committee appointed to enquire into the production and utilisation of alcohol for power and traction. It is that a ton of potatoes yields only 20 gals. of 95 per cent. alcohol, while the yield of artichokes is only very slightly higher. Alcohol cannot be produced in this country from these sources on a commercial basis except under State subvention. But this does not altogether dispose of the idea. In Germany potatoes were not grown expressly for this purpose. The cultivation of the crop was encouraged because it yields such a comparatively large amount of food per acre. When a bumper crop came along and could not be either fully consumed or exported, the surplus remaining was utilised for the manufacture of alcohol. There is no reason why the same policy should not be pursued in this country. It only happens now and again that the crop exceeds the need of consumers, because potatoes can be utilised in so many ways on the farm. But when there is an excess which the farmers cannot otherwise dispose of it certainly would be better to manufacture alcohol than, as is commonly done, leave the tubers to rot and waste in the pits.

THE TOFT DISH.

They have taken me to London, and set me in a case,
Where they guard me like a monarch and give me pride of place,
And they praise the good design
That in sixteen seventy-nine
Was traced by Thomas Toft himself upon my earthen face.

It's a long way from London to the little country town,
To the old kitchen dresser with the blue plates and brown,
Where two hundred years and more
All unheeded I bore
King Charles's own escutcheon, his lion and his crown.

They mark my fine dimensions, and connoisseurs appraise
The vivid note of colour in my simple orange glaze;
And the next time I am sold
I shall fetch my weight in gold,
And be held to mark the summit of a passing craze.

It's a long way from London to the little country town,
To the old kitchen dresser with the blue plates and brown;
I was counted common cloam,
But my memory of home
Is worth my royal 'scutcheon and all my new renown.

MARGARET LAVINGTON.

IN this present time of higher costs all round it is not surprising to find the architects raising their charges. Though, of course, it never applied to everything an architect was required to do, 5 per cent. used to be taken as the general figure. That now becomes 6 per cent. for all private house-building exceeding £2,000. There are numerous special percentages for partial service, work abandoned, and so forth, which cannot receive more than a bare reference here. It is to be noted, however, that 5 per cent. still covers housing schemes, this being the charge for the first twelve houses, with 2½ per cent. for the next sixty, and 1½ per cent. on the remainder. Anyone who wishes to know exactly what are the present charges for all classes of work should get the Revised Scale (price 6d.) from the Royal Institute of British Architects, 9, Conduit Street, London, W.1.

IT would be difficult to imagine a more spontaneous expression of the relief which the signing of Peace has brought to the British people than the singing of the National Anthem at the opening of the House on Monday afternoon. No preparation had been made, no directions issued, but when the Ministers entered, the closely packed rows with one accord broke into those strains in which it has long been the custom of the public to express emotion. Members sang "God Save the King" when war was declared, and with equal appropriateness they did so at its conclusion. In one case their voices announced a steadfast loyalty and determination, and in the other a pious thanksgiving that the Great War and all its distresses had passed away into the realm of memory and history.

CARDIFF AND THE ROYAL SHOW

IT would be unreasonable to expect to find old buildings in Cardiff. At the opening of the nineteenth century it was but a village of less than 2,000 population. Roughly speaking, for every inhabitant it had then it has 100 to-day. One might describe it as a southern Newcastle-on-Tyne; but whereas the Northumbrian town boasts of an antiquity equal to that of the Roman Wall, and still among its myriad factories and modern streets retains bits of ancient wall, old houses and venerable churches, the ancient history of Cardiff has only left slight memorials behind. It should not be forgotten in these days of aggressive labour views that its prosperity is due to one man's enterprise and one man's capital. In the thirties of last century the Marquess of Bute saw its possibilities. Despite difficulties and discouragements, he in the course of nine years built the Bute West Dock, opened in 1839. What this led to may be judged from the fact that the port now is capable of dealing with 14,000,000 tons in a year, and has actually accomplished that feat. But it might have gone slumbering on for ever as only a pleasant little country place if a capitalist had not been able to divine and exploit its resources.

Obviously there is no lack of money, though the port has not yet got back to pre-war conditions. Yet a population mainly composed of working-men flocked to the show as if

open. At one of the chief hotels a young landowner, with a rent-roll requiring five figures to express it, fetched and carried the plates with the assiduity of an excellent waiter. When a smiling lady of his own rank, who probably knew really who he was, handed him a shilling as a tip, he placed it close to his heart, *i.e.*, in his waistcoat pocket, having previously wrapped it up in a five pound note, and the company could not contain their laughter. At the hotel where we stayed a well known J.P. served coffee with the dignity of an old-fashioned butler. Everybody had something of this kind to tell, so that conversation was a mixture of expert criticism, amusing anecdote and laudation of the Prince of Wales, whose name will become Prince Charming if he continues to speak and look the character as well as he has been doing. Nothing could have delighted the sporting agriculturist more than the lacuna in his reference to Lord Glanely: "I see Lord Glanely is here to-day, and I think we all congratulate him on having won the Derby for South Wales as well as other races. I hope you all backed Grand Parade. I am afraid that I . . ." A peal of laughter broke in and he said no more.

But, although there was plenty of gaiety and good spirits, which, indeed, was warranted by the occasion, there were deeper thoughts in the background. One meets many



THE PRINCE OF WALES WITH THE MARQUESS AND MARCHIONESS OF BUTE GOING ROUND THE SHOW.

determined to make the number of visitors a record. They did not seem to mind in the slightest paying an entrance fee of 3s. on the Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, or paying an equal sum for the catalogue. More eagerness was shown than in 1901, when Cardiff beat the records of Gloucester, Liverpool, Norwich, Doncaster, Shrewsbury and Nottingham, and was second only to Bristol. Everybody who thinks must regard this eagerness as admirable, for it is of the greatest importance that the town worker should take an intelligent interest in agriculture. Dwellers in towns often confine themselves to discussing the barren politics of husbandry, whereas to-day the topic of overwhelming importance is its improvement. Systems of tenure and the like are of small importance as compared with the invention of machinery to save hand labour and the means whereby increased wealth can be produced from the soil. More money must be made before higher wages can be distributed. That point was frequently raised at the show, owing to the local strike of waitresses and other hotel servants. Visitors from a distance accepted this occurrence with good-humoured pleasantry. Tales were rife about men of rank (several belonged to the peerage) who had voluntarily set about the work which had to be done if hotels were to be kept

invaluable acquaintances at the Royal, and the serious conversation of everyone was apprehensive and uneasy. Farmers are timid and disheartened. "I am going to sell out. I would rather live among the Chinks" was the way in which one spoke for many. A short hay crop, a bad look-out for corn, unending labour difficulties, were subjects that came to the top wherever farmers assembled.

But to return to the show. It will be superfluous to deal with the awards, since the names of the winners have already been widely published. The livestock was excellent, and it is interesting to note that in the horse section there was a fine display of Percherons, which were examined by a daily crowd much interested in a breed new to the Royal. The cattle were brought out in a condition that seemed to belie the effects of war. Welsh breeders seemed to discover a novelty in the Holsteins, admiration in this case being tempered by a reference to the colour of the milk, and doubt as to whether the animals were as good for the butcher as the Shorthorn. The new classes for rabbits indicated that the small-holder's needs had been kept well in view.

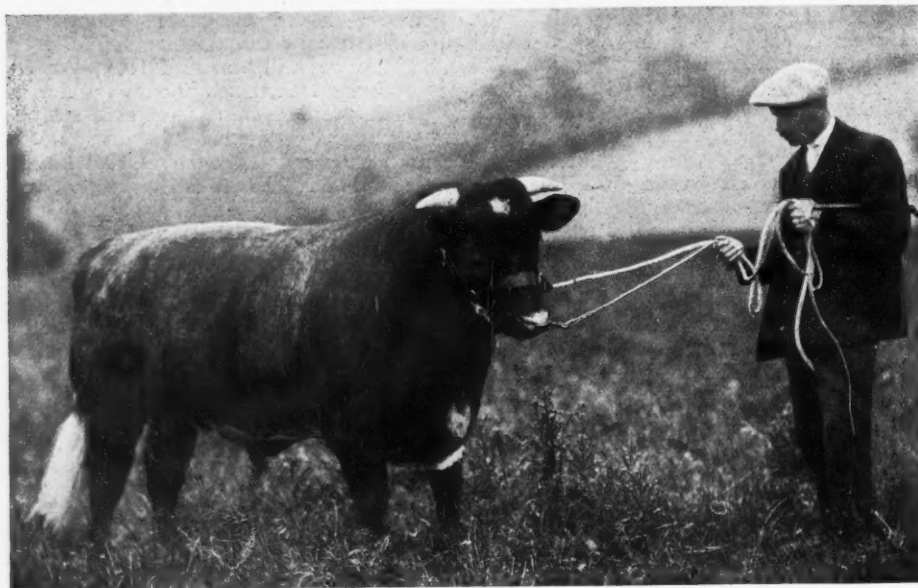
Machinery attracted the greatest attention. "The collection of exhibits in the implement section is the greatest and most wonderful known in the history of the Society" was the

opinion expressed by Mr. Dudley Williams-Drummond, and it will meet with general agreement. One of the most significant facts in connection with it was the purchase by a combination of farmers from Kidwelly of a large engine and thresher for £1,500. It was for their common use, and therefore a significant step in that co-operation which is regarded as the only means of escape from the tyranny of labour.

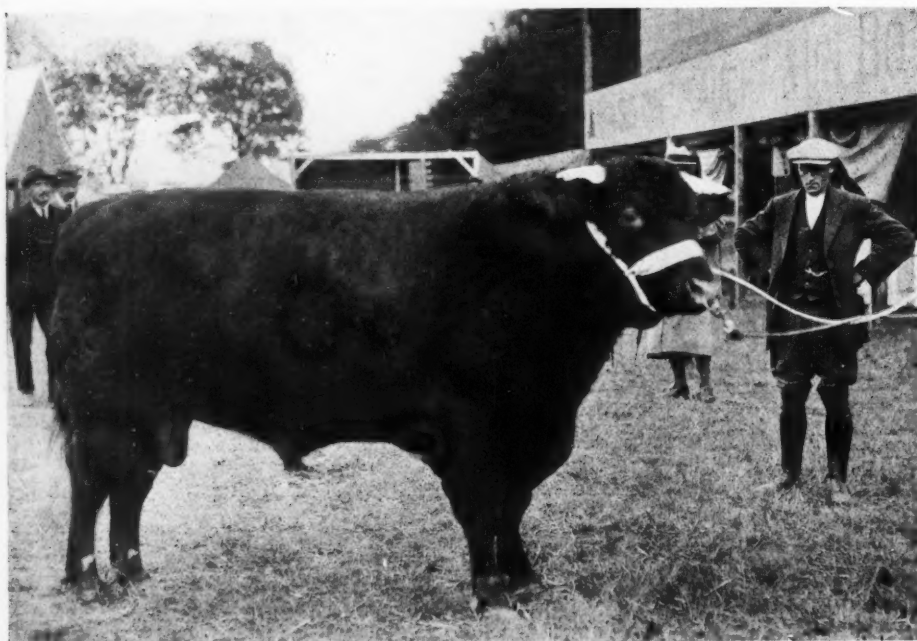
The tractor plough formed an important centre of interest. This side of the exhibition was dealt with in last week's issue, but our contributor on that occasion accidentally omitted any reference to what is one of the most important ploughs on exhibition, namely, the Austin tractor at Stand

well together because the scholar, be he boy or girl, has his mind filled with material for what he is going to write, and when he comes to put what he has to say on paper, he need occupy himself only with the form of expression. The facts he has got beforehand. Again, exactitude in observation is greatly increased by the practice of setting things down on paper. In the educational exhibits at Cardiff perhaps a trifle too much attention to practical work was evidenced. What we mean is that it is far more educative, in the truest sense of the word, for a boy to learn to observe and draw deductions from his observations than it is to acquire skill in collecting or drawing. This is put forth in the way of a

hint rather than as a criticism, for it would be ungracious to ignore the good and painstaking teaching which must have preceded the work actually exhibited. In the Forestry Section the same criticism might be applied. The most prominent feature here was the exhibition of timber in the shape of boards taken from a tree grown on the exhibitors' estates, and not less than forty years old. Mr. Colman Rogers was prominent in this class and showed some excellent examples. His collection of planks of home-grown woods was especially meritorious. The educational aspect of forestry demands that more attention should be given to the growing of trees, which is a task before the country at the present moment. We would like to have seen specimens of trees grown in the same soil, the "control" grown without preparing the ground, and others showing the effects of various kinds of preliminary cultivation, such as deep ploughing, previous cropping and so on, attention being especially directed to economy in the early stages of forestry. For example, we do not know anywhere in England where the custom is followed that finds favour on the Continent of planting little yearling seedlings among the growing corn. The protection of the corn is found useful, and though in theory it might appear that the young trees would form an obstacle to reaping, it is not so in practice. They have not advanced to a height that interferes with reaping at all. We do not overlook the prizes for young plantations, which form an excellent encouragement of Forestry, but are awarded by inspection and therefore do not count as educational to the visitor. By all means help the growers, but also stir the public interest. Everywhere crowds gathered



CHRISTIAN KING, BRED BY THE PRINCE OF WALES.
A descendant of King Christian of Denmark and first in his class. (See page 22.)



EDGCOTE HERO, SOLD FOR TEN THOUSAND GUINEAS.
Another descendant of King Christian of Denmark and first in his class.

No. 362. This is a very good tractor indeed, and £300 cannot be considered a high price for a 25 h.p. machine. Running on paraffin it has developed a draw-bar pull of over 3,000lb. It has ploughed all together three 12in. furrows 8ins. deep in the heaviest land, and even in unskilled hands will plough an acre a day. It is also a good all-round machine for threshing, haulage and kindred jobs on the farm.

The difference between the West and the East must have been very apparent to those who remember the last Norwich Show before the war and compared the forestry and the educational exhibits there with the similar department at Cardiff. In the Eastern Counties it is a growing practice to combine nature study with composition. The two go very

most where machinery was at work or something was exhibited which might be copied or imitated. It was almost pathetic to watch the stream of people which flowed without interval into a simple wooden bungalow that presumably the spectators thought could be reproduced at comparatively small expense. It showed, at any rate, that the people were very much alive to the need of a housing programme. It was the same with the bees (operations with which were demonstrated under close-meshed wire-netting), the smithy, the dairy; at all places, indeed, where practical work was being done. It made one realise that like conditions produce like results; that, in other words, the men from the banks of the Taff closely resemble those on Tyneside.

SOME TERRIERS

BY THE HON. DOUGLAS CAIRNS.



A JOLLY BOAT

ONE of the discouraging elements in the study and practice of forestry is the improbability of the forester living long enough to see the result of his labours. No such impediment stands in the dog-breeder's way.

Given a modicum of intelligence and a clear visualising of aims, it is wonderful, and terrible, what can be accomplished in a comparatively short time. For the accomplishment is sometimes good work, often bad, and oftener still work which begins well and passes through exaggerations to unspeakable evil. The "Specialist's" besetting sin lies in the facts that it is

comparatively simple to fix a type by inbreeding at the expense of mental stability, and that this inbreeding often appears surprisingly innocuous, both physically and mentally. Doubtless inbreeding was prevalent to a certain extent in days when shows were not, and local strains thereby maintained with keenness and jealousy; but exaggerations were not in much demand, and the results were consigned to the bucket unless they gave promise of fulfilling certain qualifications, of which prize-taking was not one. And the stud dog, unknown outside his proper area, was unaffected by the abuse inseparable from wider popularity.



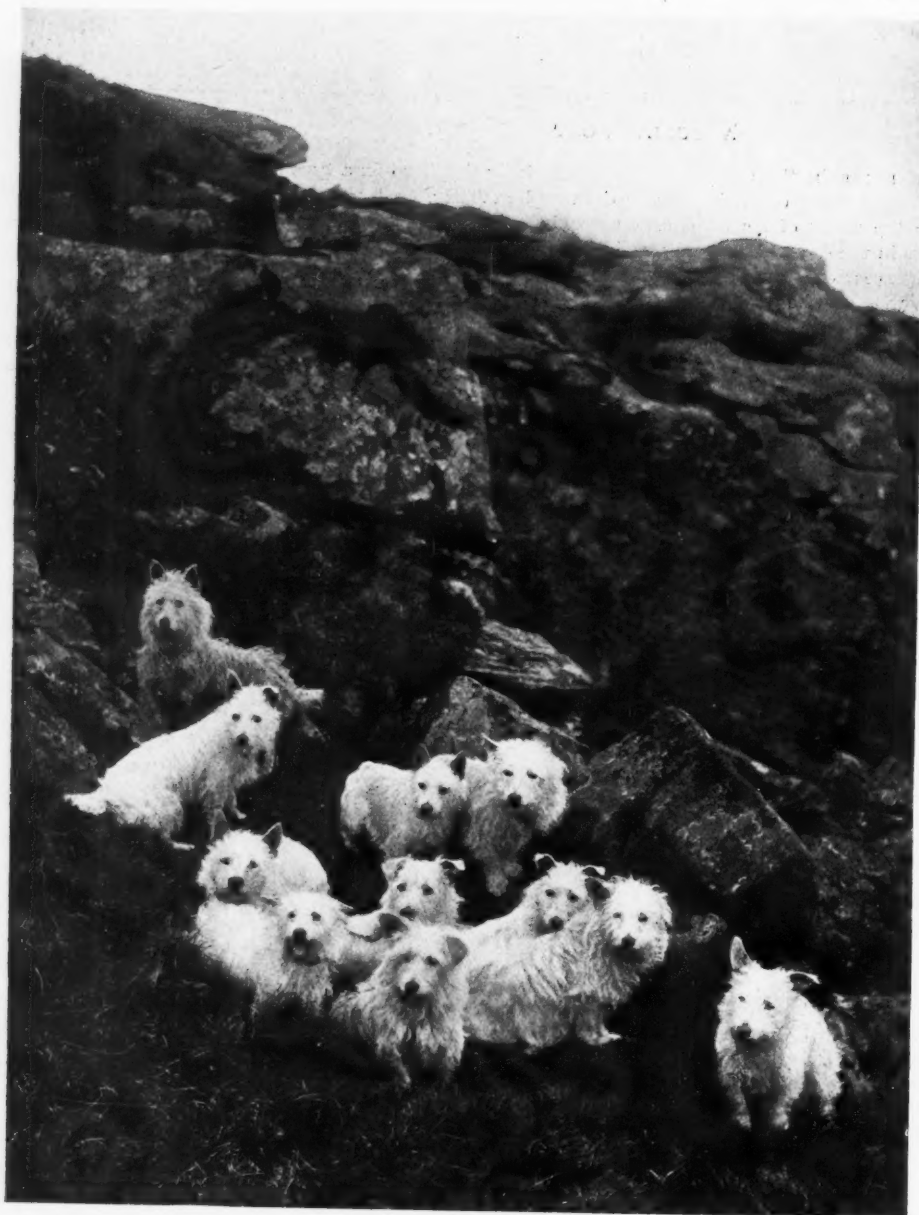
C. Reid.

LOOKING AT THE VIEW.

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"UP THE AIRY MOUNTAIN."



C. Reid.

A SCOTTISH ELEVEN.

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Fortunately, there is still to be found in the Highlands a good deal of the right material for correcting the excesses of the faddists, and terriers are yet to be seen whose beautiful "lines" and workmanlike appearance, and evidence of *brain*, make one wonder how the exaggerated types can be tolerated. What a short time these exaggerations have required for development! It is just about thirty years since I took to Oxford a "Scottish Terrier," which, I believe, was the first of the breed to appear in that densely populated canine dépôt. This was a sandy dog of pure "Brocaire" or fox-hunter's breed, from West Perthshire; bar a full eye, he was a fair specimen of the variety as popularised a few years later by the first-rate specimens collected in the West Highlands by such enthusiasts as the late Messrs. Mackie and McColl. But this terrier would not be typical now—"too short in muzzle" would remark the judge, who forgets that wire-cutters are more powerful than tailor's scissors, and that the Tasmanian Devil will bite a walking-stick in half, as if it were asparagus, with his "much too short" jaw. His—the terrier's—body would also have been voted too long; but the very short bodies are a purely modern craze. Witness the beautiful sandy coloured Highland terrier in a well known picture by Danloux, about 1800; or the coupled puppies in the engraving of "The Young Chief's First Ride," puppies which would have been typical "Scotties" twenty years ago, and would now be called "Cairn terriers" of the "Scottie type," a type which seems to be anathema to the breeders who favour the more toy-like stamp. Their coats, too, were doubtless not of the wiry order, though for resisting weather it is the undercoat which matters most. From one or more local strains clothed with lank hair nearly reaching the ground, possessing a long body, short legs and a low-carried stern, the "Skye terrier" was elaborated, and many years ago was the last word in fashionable pets. There were doubtless then, as now, many other strains of terrier in Skye, but it is to the long-coated variety that the name has stuck. He is unknown in Skye in his *fin-de-siècle* show type, but the alterations are not really much more than would be brought about by the changed conditions, such as generous feeding, careful rearing, absence of terrier work to eliminate individuals

of un-terrier-like size, aided by a selection of unnaturally long coats. But the coat in this variety was always long; how many centuries ago was he described as a "cur brought out of barbarous boundries fro' the uttermost Countryes Northward . . . by reason of the length of heare makes shewe neither of face nor of body" ("English Dogges")? As a matter of fact, individual Skyes born "in the purple" occasionally grow coats no longer than an untrimmed "Scottie's," while it is wonderful what regular rabbit-hunting in long heather will do in curtailing length. The "Skye" has lost much of his popularity of late years, but has kept most of his characteristics unspoiled by the exaggerator; has preserved his charming mentality, and is as good a companion as can be wished; mistrusts strangers enough to be an excellent watch, and is not too quarrelsome; when, however, he does fight, it is to some purpose.

Over the "white West Highland Terrier," as he is now called, many a battle has been fought on paper; the late Mr. Macdonald, Portree, called him the "Skye Terrier"; other enthusiasts found other sources of origin. In his present degree of whiteness he is a comparatively modern production; writing uncontroversially, I am pretty certain, and always have been, that the whiteness has been produced from breeding exclusively from fawns, pale sandies or "creams"—all of them favourite terrier colours in the Highlands. The tendency is for colours, in breeding, to lighten "through time." Breeders of Dandies know well that "mustards" bred for several generations from "mustards" become paler and paler, and accordingly a dark "pepper" dog is used now and again. Very pale cream coloured—almost white—retrievers are produced by mating successive generations of light yellows. And so on. There are still a few good working breeds of white West Highlanders, and one comes across occasionally a first-class fox-dog produced by a local terrier, coloured, out of a modern white bitch. Doubtless some of the show kennels could turn out workers if properly entered, and not considered "too beautiful to be killed," as the Young Lady described her pet Captain. And the same remark applies to the newly christened "Cairn Terrier," which is, however, mostly winning prizes in too toyish a mould to satisfy the fox-hunter; the potential workmen are the pups drafted as being "too coarse."



THE YOUNG CHIEF'S FIRST RIDE

From an old engraving.



C Reid.

PASS FRIEND AND ALL'S WELL!

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FROM AN ENGRAVING OF THE PICTURE BY DARLOUX. CIRCA. 1800.

Dog described as Skye terrier of a rare strain.

SHORE BIRDS IN AUTUMN

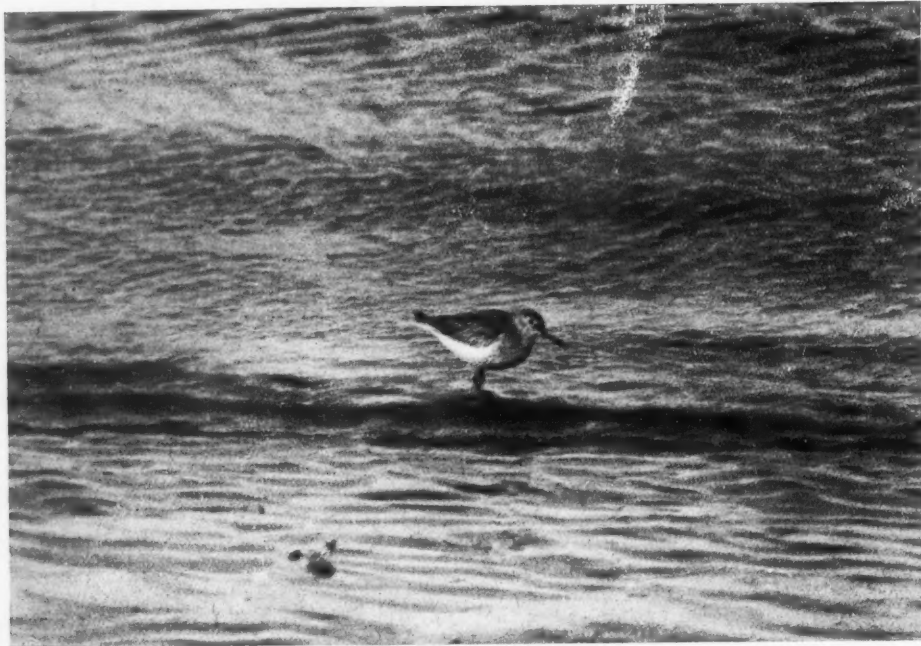
WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY D. G. GARNETT.

AUGUST and September see a great change taking place in the wader population of our shores. Instead of only a few pairs of ringed plovers and oyster-catchers along the shingle and redshanks in the tidal creeks, we find numbers of peewits and curlews which have returned to the sea from the moors and high grasslands where they breed, and countless migrants freshly

here before and separately from their offspring; with godwits and curlew sandpipers the reverse is the case, while on the autumn migration it is only the immature little stints which pass down our coasts, the adults travelling by some more eastern route. It is not of infrequent occurrence that birds of the year, which one knows must have already flown hundreds of miles, have been shot in England with filaments of down still adhering to their feathers.

At this time of the year oyster-catchers collect into large flocks and at low tide are to be seen in company with curlews scattered over the sands in search of small pink bivalves or else picking about among the mussel beds. Unfortunately, curlews, redshanks, plovers—indeed, all large waders—are now so wild and unapproachable that it is quite impossible to get near enough to photograph without spending hours of weary hiding and waiting.

The small waders are entirely different. Turnstones and ringed plovers, among the stones and low rocks at the water's edge, and knots, dunlins, stints and others of their tribe scattered over the extensive flats of mud and ooze which are to be found in all our larger estuaries, are so fearless or so mindful of their own business as to permit one to walk within ten yards of them, and even when one tries to get closer they only run along in front of one, or rise and, after circling round for a few moments, pitch again a dozen yards further on. Opportunities are given in this way for studying them which are almost unequalled in the case of other birds. But one can never be quite certain of them: a flock of dunlins which one day settle at one's feet and immediately start preening their feathers, feeding and dozing may the next day unexpectedly rise at fifty yards and fly out of sight. Their youth, their inexperience of man in the distant lands whence they come, and their fatigue after long journeying, account for the fact that they are so easily approached; for these flocks of waders, it must be borne in mind, mainly consist of birds but a few weeks old. If much shooting goes on, as there does in some localities, the waders naturally become less confiding. Often several different species are mixed up in the same flock, and many



DUNLIN.



RINGED PLOVER.

arrived from the desolate wastes of Greenland, Iceland, Scandinavia, Russia and Siberia. Among the latter birds are knots, dunlins, godwits, stints, turnstones and curlew sandpipers. The migrations of many of these birds are intensely interesting. Curlew sandpipers and little stints are purely birds of passage, making the British shores a temporary resting-place in their long journey to South Africa. Adult knots and sanderlings are stated to arrive

so closely resemble one another in size and colouring that only a close inspection will suffice to distinguish them. As regards the identification of curlew sandpipers, it may be mentioned that in dunlins the bill is commonly quite appreciably curved, so that every small, drab-coloured wader should not be designated as belonging to the rarer species merely on account of the curved beak. The small waders feed mainly on crustaceans and

marine worms ; ringed plovers and turnstones are especially partial to sandhoppers.

It will be understood that the photography of these charming little brown or grey and white birds, which run mouse-like over the ooze, probing it with their bills, is not a very difficult matter. All that is necessary is, for choice, a reflex camera and lens of long focus, say 15ins., though

a lens of considerably shorter focus will answer well. So armed, you may set out for the mud flats, where, however, it is wise to advance cautiously, as the ooze is very soft and treacherous in places ; and then, provided you have the luck to fall in with a confiding flock of waders, you will be able to make as many pictures as you like.



DUNLINS RUNNING ALONG THE EDGE OF THE SEA.



KNOTS AND DUNLINS BUSILY FEEDING.



DUNLINS WADING AT LOW TIDE.



IN the year 1418 a toft of land with crofts adjoining called Crouherste Place with two adjacent fields . . . also a croft called Alsewesreden and a meadow," were purchased by John Gaynesford from John atte Halle and Johanna his wife. The said John Gaynesford already owned a manorial holding in Crowherst, and this purchase was an addition to it. It included also "a road 18 feet wide from land of the said John Gaynesford called Littleheld to his land called Pympeslond in the parish of Crouherst." John Gaynesford's grandfather was the first of the family to buy land in these parts in 1331. He was the founder of the race, and is always called John de Gaynesford, the "de" being dropped by his descendants,

the seven successive Johns who followed one another, son after father, in the possession of the Crowherst and other properties.

John I (of Gaynesford) was not a man of noble birth, but probably a Yorkshireman from a village of that name on the Tees. He appears to have been a successful lawyer in the south of England who invested the profits of his profession in land. He went on buying land all his life and ultimately became a well-to-do landowner. Moreover, he married Margery de la Poyle. Though she brought him no considerable property, his descendants ultimately inherited through her some large estates. Of John II we know nothing. He was followed by his son John III about 1391,

the buyer of Crowherst Place, as aforesaid, but he died about two years after the purchase and probably was not the builder of the existing house. That must have been the work of John IV, called "Senior" on his tomb, who owned the family property from about 1420 to his death in 1459, and appears to have been the first of the Gainsfords (as they afterwards spelt their name) to make Crowherst Place his home. He probably built the core of the existing house; that is to say, the great hall and a wing at each end, north and south. These wings have been a good deal altered in process of time. His will mentions "the chapel, the hall, the chambers, the pantry, the kitchen, the bakehouse, and the brew-house." The last two may have been outhouses. The pantry and kitchen will have been at one end of the hall, some of the chambers over them, and the rest at the other end. Where the chapel was situated cannot be affirmed. It was often upstairs. In the almost contemporary Stukeley's Castle, near Borstal, the chapel was over the kitchen and pantry. The old south wing was replaced in the sixteenth century, when many changes were made. The moat was doubtless dug when the house was built. It is lined with stone walls and includes about half an acre of land.

John IV, dying in 1450, was buried in Crowherst Church, which he probably built or rebuilt, for his tomb is at the north side



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A GARDEN PIER.

COUNTRY LIFE."



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CROWHERST: THE ENTRANCE PORCH ON THE WEST FRONT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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GABLES ACROSS THE MOAT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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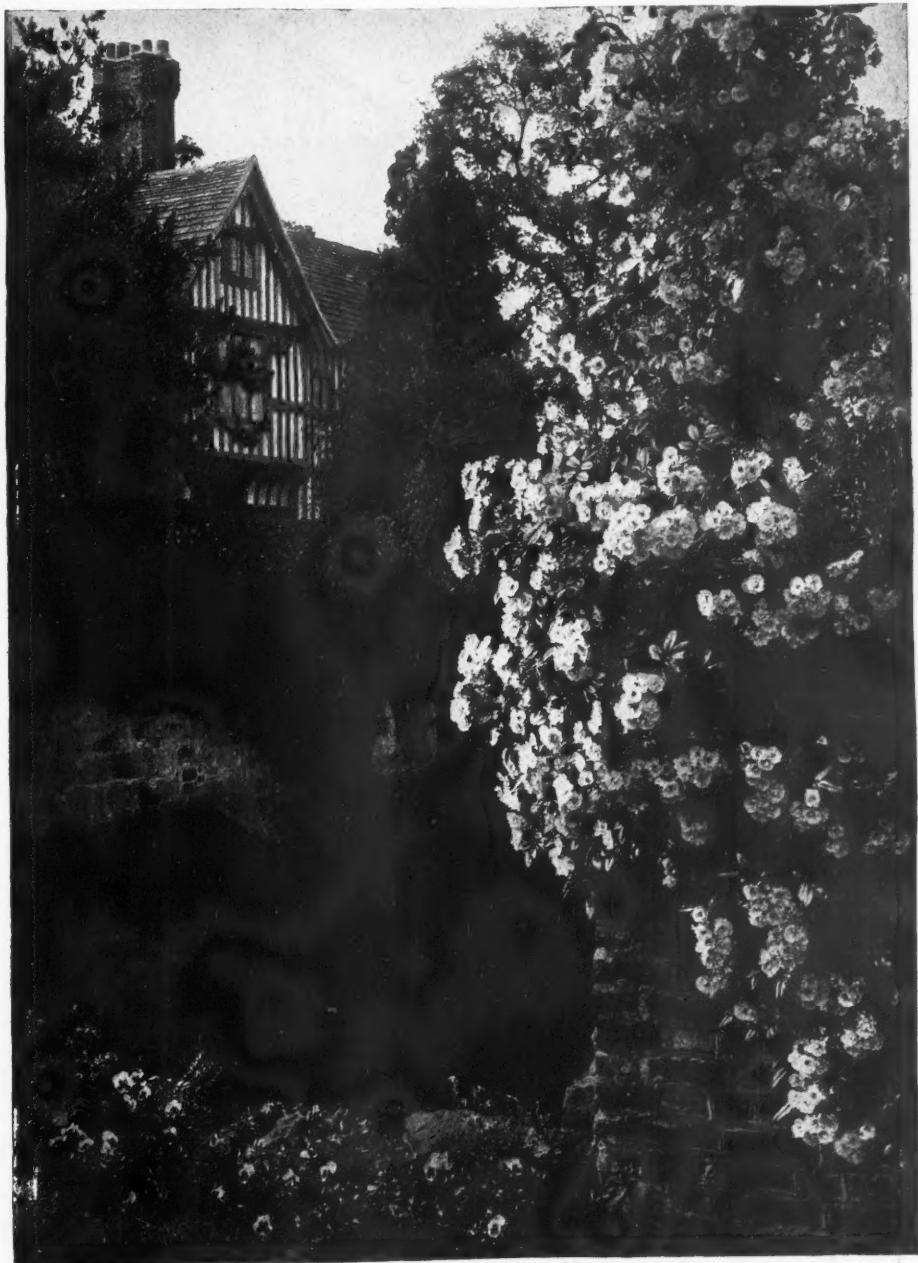
NEW PORCH, OUTSIDE STAIR, AND BAY ON EAST FRONT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

of the choir in the position of a founder's. It is an altar tomb of Purbeck, decorated on the front with carved quatrefoils enclosing plain shields (which may have been painted). His well engraved brass effigy in armour of the date is let into the table. He died possessed of a great quantity of plate, worth the equivalent of 400 acres of good land. This he divided among his three sons, John V, William and Nicholas. He had also divided his large real estate among them during his lifetime. The Gainsford Cartulary MS. in the British Museum (Harl. 392) contains a full register of the family property at this time, with copies of 200 title-deeds and the rent-roll of their manors in Surrey, Sussex, Oxfordshire and Essex. John V carried on at Crowherst, while William founded the Blockfield branch of the family, which became extinguished in 1699, and Nicholas the Carshalton branch, which still survives in Monmouthshire. The tenure of John V, called "Junior," at Crowherst was from 1450 to his death in 1460. He had two wives and two sons, John VI and George, the latter the founder of the Oxfordshire branch of the Gainsfords. His tomb in Crowherst Church resembles, but is more elaborate than, his father's.

William, brother of John V, was also a builder. He erected a fine house at Blockfield in the parish of Lingfield, which must have resembled Crowherst Place, but was more elaborate in detail. It also was surrounded by a moat, enclosing an acre, and bears obvious resemblances to his father's building. It is also evident that the son intended to go "one better" than his father. Blockfield is built of half-timber and herring-bone brickwork. Only the great hall now remains; it is 50ft. long and 30ft. high—a notable fragment. The north wing formerly extended to the moat, and there was another wing on the south, as at Crowherst. One of the two fine bay windows of the hall survives. "The roof is divided into five bays; and there is a finely moulded cornice which ran all round the room and was carried along the face of the tie-beams. The construction of the roof is very elegant. It starts from the wall plate with a cove. . . . At the north end of the hall are two doorways, with four-centred oak heads, which led to the pantry and kitchen." Blockfield remained in the family till 1727, when it was sold. The third brother, Nicholas, youngest son of John IV, received Stone Court in Carshalton as his portion. He must have been a serviceable person to Edward IV, for that king gave him large grants of land in Lincolnshire and Surrey, of which latter county he was sheriff several times. He died in 1497-8, and there is a brass over his altar-tomb in Carshalton Church. His son John is interesting to me personally, because in 1475 he married Joan Moresby, heiress of the Cobhams of Allington, through whom Allington Castle passed to her son Robert (born 1476). Her second husband was Robert Brent, who probably died at Allington in 1491. She died in the following year and her brass was in Carshalton Church, but no longer exists. Robert sold Allington to Sir Henry Wyatt in the first year of Henry VIII. I have ventured to record these facts here because the author of the "Annals of the

House of Gainsford" did not succeed in disentangling them. Returning now to the direct line of the Gainsfords at Crowherst, John VI (1439-91) was knighted, as also was John VII, who succeeded him. Both John VII and Nicholas, his brother, were successful courtiers. Tradition says that at this time Henry VIII visited Crowherst and planted a yew hedge. He may have done so, but no confirmatory document has yet been produced, and the yew hedge sounds improbable. Nicholas was one of the deputation sent to receive Anne of Cleves. Another of them was that Robert Cheeseman whose glorious portrait by Holbein, legally the property of the British Crown, is exhibited in the Hague Gallery as Henry VIII's Falconer (which he was not). Like his royal master, Sir John VII



Copyright.

AMERICAN PILLAR ROSES.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

married six wives; but he was the luckier in the matter of children, of whom no fewer than twenty were born to him. He was the last of the seven Johns. Thomas followed him (ob. 1591), and need only be mentioned because of his cast-iron monument in Crowherst Church. The founder of it frequently re-used the mould for fire-backs! Several are recorded in the Ewhurst neighbourhood and one as far away as Norfolk. This Thomas seems to have been a waster; his son John was a congenital idiot. Five other descendants of John VII succeeded one another at Crowherst. Giles, the last, dying in 1699, ended the senior branch of the Gainsford family.

The Crowherst estates passed in the female line through various hands till the house and grounds were sold in 1724 to



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THE SERVICE WING AND BRIDGE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright.

THE APPROACH TO THE MAIN ENTRANCE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright

A CORNER OF THE MOAT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright.

THE ELIZABETHAN BARN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Sarah Duchess of Marlborough she made them part of the endowment of a house built by her at St. Albans for the benefit of the widows of Army officers. At the end of the nineteenth century Crowherst Place was sold by the Commissioners of Queen Anne's Bounty and, after again passing through several hands, was bought by the Rev. George Gainsford, one of the Cowden family, which appears to be lineally descended from

John I de Gaynesford, with whom our story began. The house is still owned by his son, who leased it to Mr. George Crawley, architect, by whom the repair of it was begun. He transferred his lease to the Duchess of Marlborough, and she, with Mr. Crawley as her professional adviser, has, as will be described in succeeding issues, brought the house and grounds into their present beautiful condition.

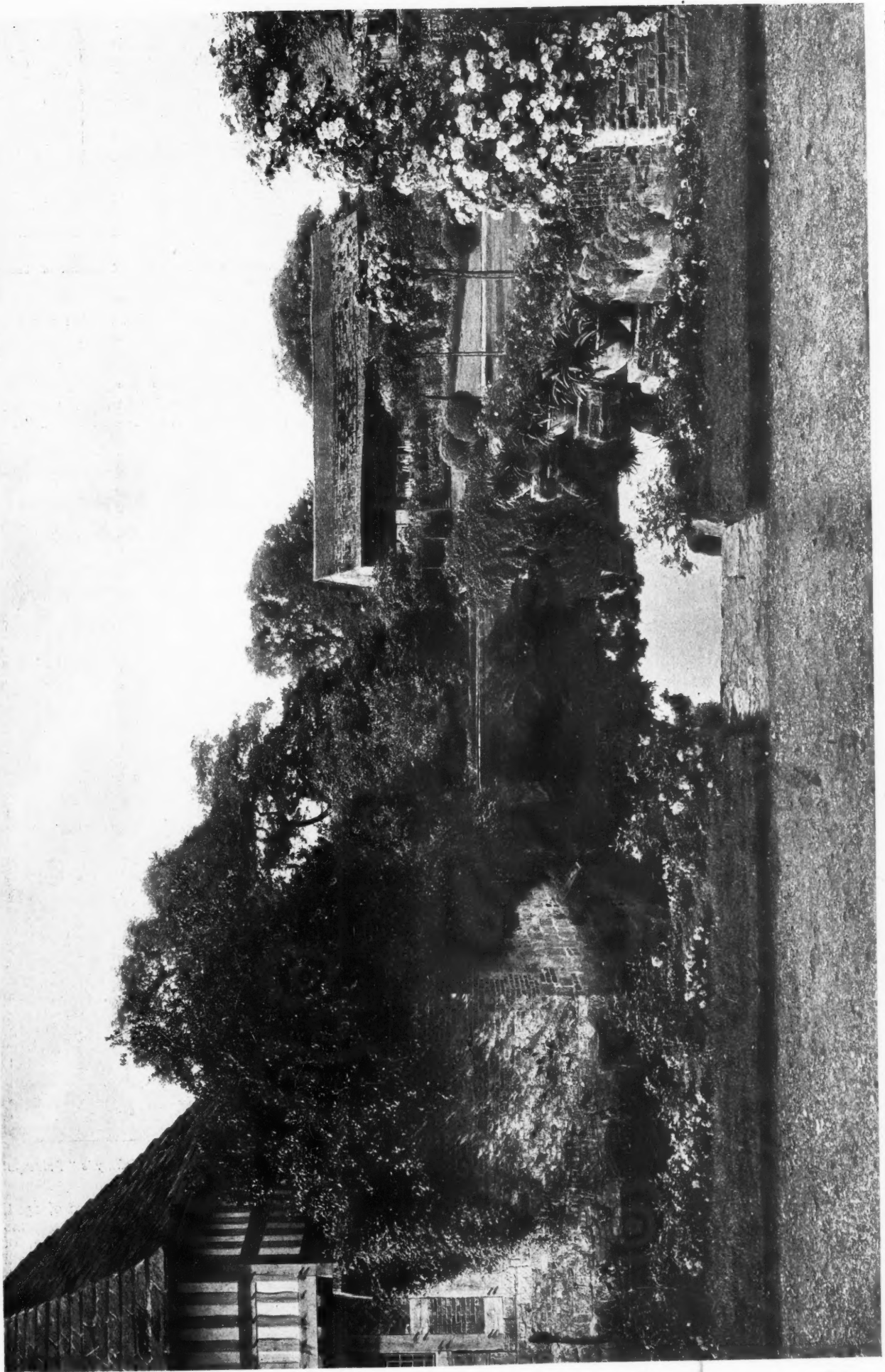
MARTIN CONWAY.



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THE GRANARY FROM THE WEST BRIDGE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



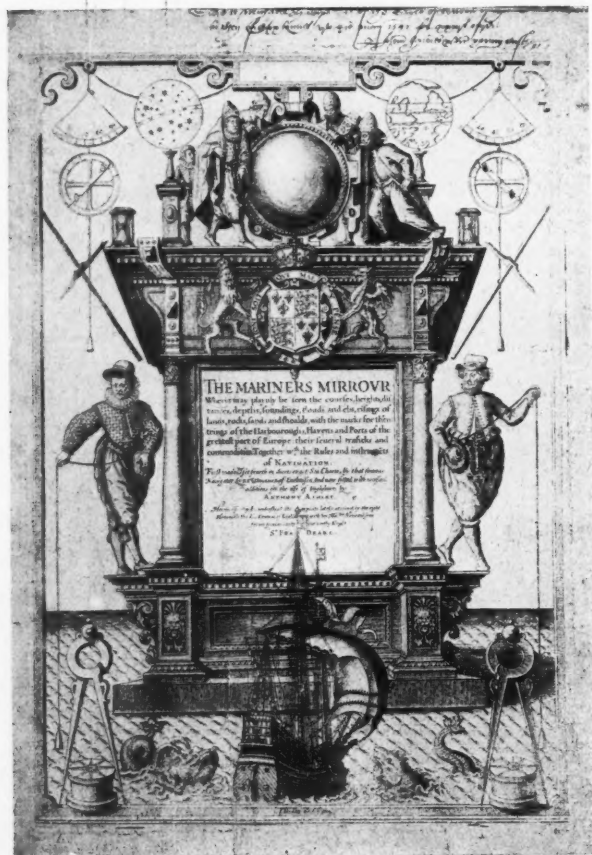
"COUNTRY LIFE."

THE MOAT FROM THE NORTH-WEST CORNER

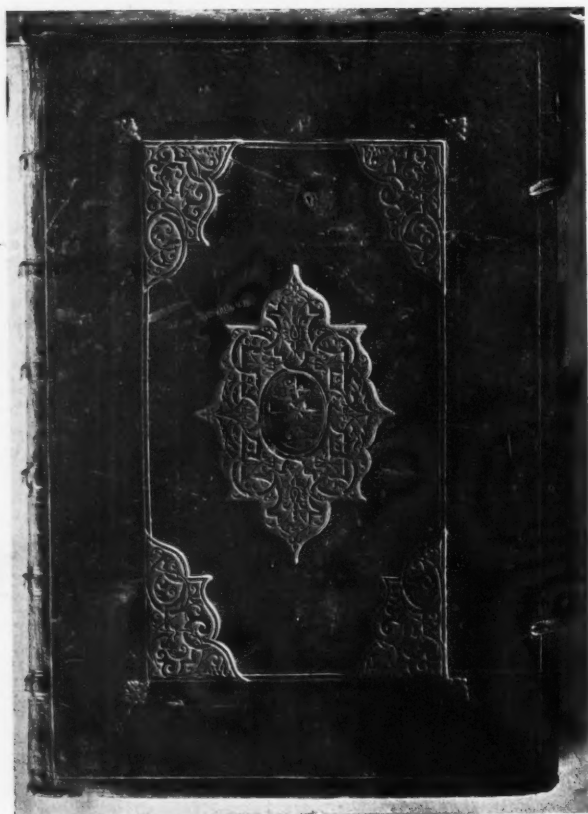
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BOOKS AT TRINITY HOUSE

THE Trinity House library is, naturally, rich in early books and pamphlets relative to navigation and discovery. England and Holland towards the close of the Tudor era were busy seeking "places in the Sun" both in the East and in the Americas, where their enemy Spain made such wide claims to World Dominion. And so, when a Dutchman brought out a folio



1.—Frontispiece to the English edition of "The Waggoner," 1588.

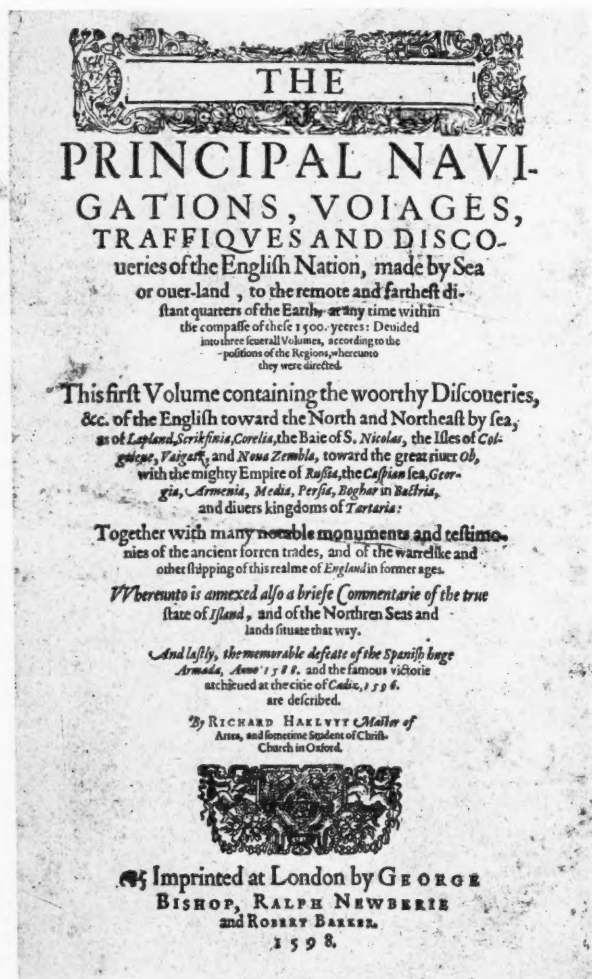


2.—Cover of the French edition of "The Waggoner," 1590.

volume of sea charts and other valuable information for sailors, the leaders of English sea power at once called for a translation. It was in 1584 that Lucas Waghanaer published at Leyden his "Spiegel der Zeevaardt vande navigatie der Westersche Zee," and the following year we find Howard of Effingham, Lord High Admiral, drawing the attention of the Privy Council to it. Anthony Ashley either already was or soon after became Clerk to the Council, and to him was entrusted the translation which he published in 1588 under the title of the "Mariner's Mirrour." The Trinity House copy is a folio 17 ins. by 12 ins., plainly bound in calf. On the top of the title-page, which is illustrated (Fig. 1), are written the words:

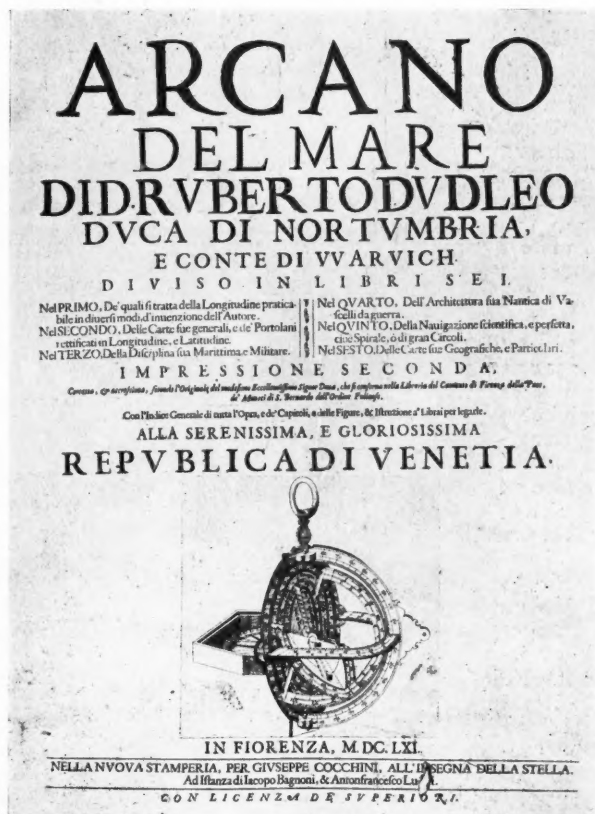
Solde to Michael Champe Mre of the Eagle of London of burden
220 tonnes 6th day of May 1592 for xxiii. iiijd.
Per John Harries for Rid. Young Custe.

As the title-page sets forth, the English edition not only contained the sea charts and other matter set forth "by that famous Naigator Luke Wagenar of Enchuijen," but also the "exploits lately atchiued by the right Honorable the L. Admiral of Englad with her Maties Nauie and some former seruices don by that worthy Knight St Fra: Drake." Ashley will have published his Mirror—nicknamed "The



3.—Title page of Vol. I original edition of Hakluyt's "Principal Navigations."

Waggoner" from its Dutch author—at the close of 1588, after Effingham had disposed of the Armada. Two years later a French edition was published in Amsterdam, of which the Trinity House possesses a copy (Fig. 2) bound in calf with raised ornament gilt, in the centre of which are the arms of Nassau with a mark of Cadency, while at the top of the title-page—a variant of the English edition and highly coloured—is the signature of Justin of Nassau, bastard son to William the Silent. The maps are also highly coloured, and their titles are enclosed in strapwork frames enriched with fruit and leaf swags. The nautical instruments are well engraved, and the "Compas Tournant ou Instrument aux Estoilles" is made to revolve on the page.



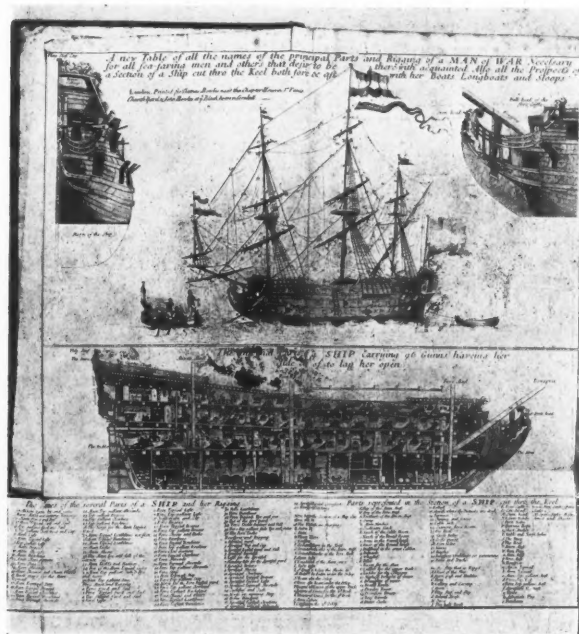
4.—Title page of Robert Dudley's "Arcano del Mare." Second edition.



5.—Frontispiece of "Zee-Atlas."

While Ashley was busy translating the "Mirror" Richard Hakluyt was gathering material for his collection of voyages. As a junior student of Christ Church he already took an interest in geography and discovery, and after taking his degree in 1574 he lectured on them. Thus he also attracted the attention of Effingham, who brought him to Elizabeth's notice, and, taking orders, he became a prebend of Bristol and afterwards of Westminster. In 1589 he first published his "Principal Navigations," but this was the germ rather than the first edition of the much larger work of which the volumes appeared in 1598, 1599 and 1600. They are 12in. by 8in. quartos, printed in small but very clear black letter type. The 1598 title-page (Fig. 3) mentions "the famous victorie atchieued at the cite of Cadiz, 1596." But before the end of 1599 Essex, who had won it, was in disgrace, and the reference to Cadiz disappears.

Trinity House, of course, has its "Pilgrimes," as well as its "Principal Navigations." Samuel Purchas inherited many of the manuscripts and journals collected by Hakluyt when the latter died in 1616, and in 1625 published "Hakluytus Posthumus or Purchas his Pilgrimes, containing a History of the World in Sea Voyages and Land Trauells by Englishmen and others." He was by no means a careful editor or correct transcriber, but his book, in four quarto volumes, has never been re-published and "its rarity,



6.—Sheet inserted before title-page of "Britain's Glory."

still more than its interest, has given it an exaggerated value to book collectors."

Another interesting and rare book on voyages and discovery which we find at Trinity House is the elaborate nine-volume work on the Oriental Indians published by Lopez between the years 1597 and 1606. There are many pictures giving the habits of the natives, such as showed their cruelty and barbarity being especially prominent; while the perils of sailors among sharks that are biting off their arms and legs, and of a landing party fighting desperately for life against crabs of more than human size are vividly represented.

There was no Italian translator of Waghanaer's book, but it formed the basis of a splendidly brought out work in Italian, but written by an Englishman. So strong was Queen Elizabeth's objection to the marriage of her female relations and of her favourite men that fear of her led them to secret or even doubtful marriages. Thus it was never established whether the bond between the Earl of Leicester and the widow of the second Lord Sheffield amounted to wedlock. It was certainly never publicly acknowledged, and in 1578 Leicester married Lettice Knowles. But Robert Dudley, his son by Lady Sheffield, claimed that his parents were rightly though secretly married at Sheen two days before he was born in 1573, and Leicester always treated him as his son and heir, so that Kenilworth and other estates appear to have passed to him after the Earl's death in 1588. Marrying a sister of Thomas Cavendish, the circumnavigator,

in 1592, he began emulating his brother-in-law, and was privateering against Spain in 1594. In 1596 he was with Essex on the Cadiz Expedition, but soon after that, losing his legitimacy case, he went abroad and assumed titles as legitimate heir to his grandfather, the Duke of Northumberland and Earl of Warwick. Cited home to answer for this, he remained away and his estates were seized. Settling in Florence, he turned Catholic, gave himself up to inventions and writing on nautical subjects, was much favoured by Cosmo II of Tuscany, and in 1620 was created by the Emperor Duke of "Nortumbria" and Count of "Warvich" "in the Holy Roman Empire." He brought out the first volume of his "Arcano del Mare" in 1646, completed it in 1647, and died two years later. The "Arcano," as the title-page shows (Fig. 4), deals with such matters as naval architecture and geographical maps, and it has, on a larger and finer scale than the "Mirror," engravings of nautical instruments. Despite the costliness of its production—its size is 21½ ins. by 17 ins.—it reached a second edition a dozen years after its author's death, and it is of this impression that the Trinity House has a copy.

Of the same large size is the "Zee-Atlas," published at Amsterdam in 1697, of which the elaborate hand-coloured frontispiece is illustrated (Fig. 5). It contains maps equally fully coloured, with charming title cartouches held up by half a dozen or so of flying boys, but every one a special and different design. Ships are seen sailing or fighting on the seas, and corners are taken up by figure subjects, such, for instance, as the group of native carpet sellers and Dutch buyers on the map of the coast of Asia Minor, or as

the Dutchman letting surprised natives of New Guinea see themselves in a hand looking-glass. Seventeen years earlier a sumptuous English atlas had been brought out at Oxford, the four volumes having, respectively, as frontispieces great engraved portraits of Charles II, Catherine of Braganza, Maria of Modena and James Duke of York. The last of the seven-

teenth century publications to which allusion shall be made is the Trinity House copy of the English edition of the "Mare Clausum," printed in 1652 by "William Du Gard by the appointment of the Council of State," entitled "Of the Dominion or Ownership of the Sea," and having on the title-page the autograph of Oliver Cromwell, whose own copy it no doubt was.

Of eighteenth century books, numerous and interesting as they are, mention shall only be made of William Sutherland's two short works relative to shipbuilding, both bound in one volume. First comes the second or 1729 edition of "Britain's Glory," and opposite to the title-page (Fig. 7) is pasted (in place of the usual portrait of George II ringed round by circles of his ships from first to sixth rates) a large sheet (Fig. 6) showing in elevation and in section all "the principal Parts and Rigging of a Man of War." A still larger sheet, giving an elaborate section of a First Rate,

is pasted in before the title-page of the 1717 edition of "The Prices of Labour" (Fig. 8). In these days, when the aim of Labour is to get the same pay for the slowest and the quickest, the clumsiest and the deftest worker, William Sutherland's views on this subject are of interest. He has little patience with "restricted output," and realises the national advantage of favouring expertness:

And, in my Opinion, nothing can better encourage Men than when they have to the Value of what they Earn, which I am positive most Able Men would have twice the Allowance that they have now and Hundreds of others has really twice as much per Diem as ever they would deserve. Besides, was Able Men encouraged, they would exert both their Skill and their Labour, which would be a Means to improve the Business, and make the worst Sort endeavour to imitate their Example.

H. AVRAY TIPPING.

CHRISTIAN KING, BRED BY HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES, K.G.

(Illustrated page 6.)

WINNER of the first prize and the Shorthorn Society's prize at the Royal Cornwall Show at Truro, and first prize in the January Yearling Class at the Royal this year.

He has for a maternal grandsire the most famous sire perhaps of the last twenty-five years—King Christian of Denmark, among whose descendants may be named Duke of Kingston 2nd, Marquis of Dorchester, and Earl of Kingston, bred by Earl Manvers; Adbolton Regal King, bred by Mr. A. W. Hickling and used with such remarkable success by Mr. Duthie; Edgcote Hero, bred by the Edgcote Shorthorn Company, winner of the first prize in the Three Year Old Class at the Royal this year and since sold for 10,000 guineas.

Christian King's sire is Butterfly Knight, 130029, who was third at the Manchester Royal in 1916, and is grandson to Mr. Duthie's famous stock bull, Knight of Collynie, 112299. His dam is Adbolton Rosy Queen, a beautiful roan cow calved in 1910 by King Christian, and bought by the Prince of Wales at Mr. Hickling's sale in 1916. Christian King is a lovely roan with exceptionally well sprung ribs and wonderful thighs. If in the opinion of some judges he is almost too strong in loin, the fault is a good one for a stock bull, particularly for a bull which, like King Christian of Denmark himself, is inclined to be on the long side. He is what may be termed a "double" bull, for he has proved himself a great show bull, and if the best of breeding, beautiful colour and almost perfect conformation go for anything he is likely to be one of the most successful sires of this generation. Perhaps of all the descendants of King Christian of Denmark, Christian King most resembles his illustrious grandsire. The Championship has only twice been awarded to a yearling bull, namely, Bapton Emperor, 13982, who was Champion at the Royal held at Maidstone in 1899, and Bapton Viceroy, 90770, Champion at Derby in 1904. There were a good many judges round the ring at Cardiff who favoured the pretensions of Christian King for this year's Championship.

THE PRICES OF THE LABOUR IN Ship-Building Adjusted : OR, THE MYSTERY OF

Ship-Building Unveiled.

BEING,

A Brief Explanation of the Value of the Labouring Part in Ship-building; from a Ship of the biggest Magnitude, to a small Boat.

FIRST,

Shewing the Working the whole Ship, according to the Length, Breadth, Depth and Girth; and then by Sub-divisions shews the Value of every particular Part.

L O N D O N

Printed by D. L. in the Year, MDCCXVII.

8.—Title-page to "The Prices of Labour."

Britain's Glory :
OR,
SHIP-BUILDING
UNVAILED.

BEING
A General Director,
FOR
Building and Compleating
THE SAID
MACHINES.

By **WILLIAM SUTHERLAND,**
Author of *The Ship-Builder's Assistant.*

THE SECOND EDITION.

L O N D O N :

Printed for A. BETTERWORTH, at the Red-Lyon in Peter-Nofer-Row,
S. FITZGER, in the Minnies, E. MIDWINTER, at the Looking-Glass,
on London-Bridge. M.DCC.XXIX.

7.—Title-page of "Britain's Glory."

NATURE NOTES

THE EMOTIONS OF A TICK

THERE is no error more common, even among able naturalists, than the crediting of "lower" animals with the sensations and emotions which we should experience in their place. Even in the case of the more intelligent mammals, such as apes, dogs and elephants, though we cannot fail to recognise the expression of feelings essentially kindred to our own, we may very easily exaggerate their degree and their subtlety—as we are certainly apt to overrate the intelligence of these animals. But what about creatures so far removed from us in structure and habits as insects and arachnids? If the feelings of the arthropoda in the least resemble those of human beings, one would imagine that the existence of some of them must be well-nigh intolerable. Take an example. Here, in brief, is the way in which an average tick (*Ixodidae*) passes its life.

Hatching out from an egg on the ground, the young tick immediately climbs a neighbouring stalk of grass or herbage, near the top of which it has to remain, active and ever on the *qui vive*, but fasting for a quite problematical period. If it is extremely lucky, an animal suitable for its purposes may brush up against it within a few hours, or days, but weeks or months may elapse and still it may be waiting, alert but dinnerless. Possibly, after what to us would be an excruciating fortnight, during which many desirable "hosts" had passed near, but not near enough, its chance really comes; it seizes the hair of a passing animal, climbs on to its back and plunges its beak into the skin. It arrived a minute, flat, semi-transparent creature. A day or two later it drops off gorged and bead-like, and for a week or so remains motionless on the ground. Then it moults and reappears, larger and somewhat changed in form, to go a second time through the same (to our mind) harrowing performance. Sooner or later it is, perhaps, again fortunate. It surely deserves to be, if everything comes to him who waits, for it is prepared to wait a year if need be. This time the meal is a leisurely repast, lasting, perhaps, a week, when the parasite falls to earth once more, swollen to the bulk of a small pea, and after a period of rest undergoes a final moult and emerges as an adult tick. For a third and last time it has to climb herbage and trust to chance for a meal. Ticks have been known to live in captivity without any food whatever for more than five years, so there is no immediate hurry. If its patience is eventually rewarded, it finds a third "host," enjoys the third—and last—meal of its existence, and mates with an equally lucky individual of the opposite sex. A week or more is occupied in these pursuits, after which the gorged and fertilised tick, now, perhaps, the size of a filbert, makes its final descent to earth to lay eggs and to die.

It is a fairly safe conjecture that the sensations of the tick are pleasurable during its prolonged orgies and its brief honeymoon, though the efforts of the unwilling "host" to dislodge it will not add to its enjoyment; but it is very easy to let our imaginations run riot as to its feelings during the anxious intervals. Is its arthropod heart sick with hope deferred? When an animal passes near at hand the tick on its perch is obviously excited and waves its front legs in the air. How easy to picture its eager anticipation, its despair, when the opportunity goes by, its exultation on success! In similar cases even more subtle emotions have been read into the actions of arthropods. One observer described a jumping spider as looking ashamed of itself when it had leapt at its prey and missed.

Of course, all such interpretations are entirely unwarranted. What such animals really feel we can never know, but we may be very sure that our own feelings in like case are no guide whatever to theirs.

CECIL WARBURTON.

THE SANDPIPER AT HOME.

The sandpiper is certainly the commonest of our wading birds, and there is something very attractive in the restlessness and fearlessness of these little dwellers of the gravel beds. Their first cheery call, generally heard at night time along the loch or river margin, comes as an assurance that spring has really arrived, and when living at Kenilworth, in Warwickshire, the writer used regularly to hear them high overhead during the periods of migration, though they passed only at night time. Kenilworth, then, evidently lies in the direct route for their more northerly haunts, as certainly very few sandpipers are summer residents in the Midlands. They are essentially birds of the clear water and of the gravel banks, and I can hardly imagine how a sandpiper would exist unless he were able to fly from one marooned boulder to another.

These birds arrive with us on the lowland lochs about April 18th, and mating activities commence straight away. When they rest during this time of the year no man can say, for all day they are to be seen ranging the shore, flying and alighting from boulder to boulder, and at night time their cries never cease for so long as ten seconds. During close, thundery nights they seem to be most restive, and dwellers on the water's edge, in parts where they are most numerous, complain of their persistent notes—though why they should complain of so cheerful a sound, bearing as it does so much of the charm of the water's edge, one is at a loss to understand.

In Wharfedale two sandpipers bred for a considerable number of years in the writer's garden. They are particularly partial to leafy banks within easy reach of water, though I found their nests amid the bracken in the heart of secluded woods, almost a mile from their beloved element. Usually I have found their first eggs about the middle of May. Both birds share in the labour of hatching out the young, though the male is generally a good deal more timorous than the female. I have known the hen bird to sit so close that I have actually touched her with my



THE SANDPIPER FLIES FROM BOULDER TO BOULDER.

foot, whereupon she rose and resorted to the old trick of pretending to be maimed. As soon as you have located the nest, however, and the old birds know that you will not interfere with their treasures, they usually cease this humbug and walk quietly to a near point, taking no pains to avoid detection, and there remain till you have passed by. A pair nesting in my garden at the time of writing are visited regularly by members of the household, in whom they seem to have acquired implicit faith.

The hen sandpiper, like the other members of the family to which she belongs, is a most devoted mother, and I remember a pathetic incident illustrating this point. A pair of birds made their nest on a point of land which was frequented a good deal by trippers, and four eggs were produced. Two were taken almost immediately, but the old bird commenced to sit on the remaining two. A week later yet another egg was taken, but she stuck to her sole remaining charge as devotedly as before. Finally, when this egg must have been almost on the point of hatching, it also was taken, and for days after the parent birds haunted the scene of their loss, giving utterances to the most plaintive notes imaginable. I really believe that the little creatures were quite heart-broken over their loss.

In moorland country the distribution of these birds is very wide. Wherever there is water they are to be found. The tiniest mountain loch, hidden away among the hills, invariably has its pair of sandpipers, who seem to regard it as their own personal property, and however bleak and wind-swept the spot may be, they or their offspring return to it year after year.

H. MORTIMER BATTEN.

THE ESTATE MARKET

REIGATE PRIORY & MANTON HOUSE

REIGATE PRIORY, Surrey, one of the best known mansions in the Home Counties, will shortly be sold, Mr. Somers Somerset having instructed Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley to offer it early in September in one lot, with the collection of furniture *en bloc*. The house stands on the site of the Priory founded in 1240 by William de Warenne, and occupies a delightful position close to Reigate, twenty-one miles from Hyde Park Corner. It is surrounded by ancient lawns and gardens in a park of some 150 acres, with a nine-hole golf course. The reception-rooms are of fine proportions. The hall possesses the celebrated carved chimney-piece designed by Holbein and brought from Anne of Cleves' Palace at Bletchingley by Lord Howard of Effingham. Evelyn, who visited the house in the time of Charles II, makes a notable reference to it in his Diary. The great staircase, with pillars and carvings of the time of Queen Anne, has painted walls and ceiling by Verrio, who painted the ceiling at Hampton Court. The house was illustrated in COUNTRY LIFE (April 6th and 13th, 1918), and the unrivalled beauty of the grounds was shown in several pictures.

Our sporting readers will be interested to hear that the famous homes and training grounds of Mr. A. Taylor, Manton Downs and Clatford Park, Marlborough, are to be sold. The place is full of associations with famous racehorses such as Sceptre, Bayardo, Lemberg, Gay Crusader and Gainsborough in the past, and more recently of Manilardo, Buchan, Air Raid and Bayuda. The properties extend altogether to 5,500 acres, of which the training establishment, including stabling, boxes, paddocks and downs, takes up 1,250 acres on the side of the Bath and London Road, and with the River Kennett flowing down the middle. The rest consists of farms and some hundreds of acres of coverts. Messrs. Mark Jeans and Sons are the auctioneers, and the sale will take place at Marlborough early in September.

Lord Furness's West Riding Estate, Grantley, with the Brimham Rocks Estate (6,660 acres), is also to be sold by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley at an early date. The Brimham Rocks, a group of fantastically shaped rocks, standing on the edge of a heather moor above the Nidd Valley, are one of the show places of the Harrogate district. A less scientific age attributed to the Druids the shapes which are now explained by the action of the weather. Moor Park, between Rickmansworth and Northwood, of which a very interesting short history was written by the Dowager Lady Ebury and published by Mr. Elkin Mathews in 1915, is another of the magnificent landed properties in the firm's hands. Lord Lovelace's Surrey estate, Horsley Towers, is to be sold on July 29th, and Sir. C. E. A. W. Hamilton's Iping Estate of 784 acres, near Goodwood, also awaits a buyer.

A propos to Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley's recent successful sale at Rugby of Mr. Boughton-Leigh's estate, when thirty-four out of thirty-seven lots were sold, the Rugby Farmers' Union asks us to state that that body "greatly appreciate the able way in which the sale was conducted, and the courteous treatment meted out to the tenants, who were mainly the purchasers." This spontaneous testimony should not be forgotten by those pessimistic about the "break-up" of estates.

For the Countess of Warwick the outlying portions of the Easton Lodge Estate of 5,133 acres were offered by auction by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley at Bishop's Stortford in lots at the beginning of the week. £97,017 was realised. The farm tenants were the principal buyers.

BAYNARDS PARK, SURREY.

A very well known Surrey estate, with historical associations dating back to Domesday, is to be sold by Messrs. Hampton by private treaty or by auction. This is Baynards Park, of which two good views were given in the Estate advertisement pages of COUNTRY LIFE a week ago. Beautifully situated about four miles to the south of the Leith Hill range of the North Downs, Baynards Park is a compact estate of 1,517 acres, lying in a ring fence, and containing a beautiful old Elizabethan mansion, with gate-house, oriel and mullioned windows and clustered chimneys. According to Evelyn, Baynards was built by Sir George More of Loseley about 1577, and it has the reputation of being haunted. But not even the most nervous person need be alarmed on that account, for the ghost is that of the saintly Thomas More, who lost his head at the Tower for denying the Royal Supremacy of Henry VIII. Indeed, he "lost his head" in a twofold sense, for it was not interred with the rest of his body, and it has never to this day been satisfactorily established where the head now reposes. For his beloved daughter, Margaret Roper, took it away with her on the day of her father's execution.

IN THE PICK OF THE SHIRES.

If any keen angler is on the look-out for an estate running to 1,300 acres with a frontage on the river which Walton and Cotton have made immortal, he will be interested in the particulars of an estate which Messrs. Bagshaw of Utttoxeter will offer at auction on July 23rd.

Drayton Lodge, an estate of just over a thousand acres at Drayton Beauchamp, will be offered for sale at Aylesbury towards the end of July. This is one of the most attractive spots of the Chilterns overlooking the broad Vale of Aylesbury, and the timbered park of 53 acres, combining the residence, lies midway between Lord Rothschild's Tring Park and two other Rothschild houses at Halton and Aston Clinton. The Akman Street and the Upper Icknield Way skirt the estate and the stations at Tring, Wendover and Aylesbury are all within easy reach. Coombe Hill, one of the loveliest of the Chiltern bastions, is close adjoining, and the lake-like reservoirs of the Grand Junction Canal at Wilstone and Marsworth add their own special beauty to the prospect. The church of Drayton Beauchamp is where the "Judicious" Hooker was rector in 1584-5, and where two of his old pupils found him tending his sheep with the "Odes" of Horace in his hand, till he was called away from that occupation to rock the cradle at the Rectory. The estate includes five good farms, several small holdings and cottages.

REMARKABLY SUCCESSFUL AUCTIONS.

Ashleworth Court, a fifteenth century manor house, with old tithe barn and 160 acres, for £7,800, was among the Gloucestershire properties sold a few days ago by Messrs. Bruton, Knowles and Co., for a total of £33,000. Most of the purchasers were tenants. Excepting Bordesley Park Farm, bought in at £5,400, the whole of the Bordesley Park Estate has been sold by Messrs. Walter Ludlow and Briscoe, at Birmingham, for a total of £27,750. Mr. A. H. Wiggin bought Bordesley Hall and adjoining land privately before the auction. Although Shillingford Court failed to reach the reserve, many of the other properties lately offered in the Wallingford district by Messrs. Franklin and Gale have been sold at satisfactory prices, including land belonging to Lord Wittenham.

It will be remembered that at the recent auction of Colonel B. I. Way's Denham Place Estate, near Uxbridge, the auctioneers (Messrs. Buckland and Sons) announced after the auction had begun that they had there and then received a letter, which they opened in the rostrum, "containing a splendid offer for the whole estate of 960 acres and they must advise the owner to accept it." The large company of bidders thereupon dispersed, not over-pleased with the auctioneers' apologies. It now appears that the offer was made by the Middlesex County Council, which has acquired Denham Place for £50,000. The land is to be utilised for small holdings and allotments for discharged soldiers and others, and the reason that Middlesex bought Buckinghamshire land is that in the former county no suitable land was obtainable except at full building value.

LONDON INVESTMENTS.

Two of the finest mansions in Mayfair have been privately sold by Messrs. Trollope—to wit, Hampden House, the property of the Duke of Abercorn, and Lansdowne Lodge, Messrs. Lofts and Warner being jointly concerned in regard to the latter. Both houses were to have been sold by auction on July 16th.

London investments recently dealt with at Hanover Square by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley have yielded a very large sum, and the firm had a representative assembly at their auction on Monday last, when No. 56, New Bond Street, was sold for £30,500, and the Crown lease of the late Lord Swaythling's house in Kensington Palace Gardens changed hands privately, just after having been bought in, the final bid being £10,500.

ROTHERS, FIFE.

The purchaser of the Rother Estate, whoever he may prove in due course to be, will have the satisfaction of owning in Leslie House a picture-gallery 3ft. longer than that at Holyrood. This fine Fifeshire property will be submitted by Messrs. Castiglione and Scott. The 3,850 acres yield a rental of over £5,200 a year. The mansion incorporates part of the original house, which was built by the Duke of Rother, Lord Chancellor of Scotland in the reign of Charles II, and burned down, as regards three-fourths of it, in 1763. The Leslie family has been connected with Rother for at least seven centuries, and in 1283 Norman de Leslie received a grant of land from Alexander III.

Preliminary announcement may be made of Lord Normanston's decision to sell outlying portions of his Somerley Estate, in and around Fordingbridge. Messrs. J. Carter Jonas and Sons are the agents. They have also to offer outlying portions of the Dinton Hall Estate, in the Vale of Aylesbury, locally, next Wednesday; Cambridgeshire farms belonging to Mr. Howard Chaplin, at Cambridge, on Saturday next; and in the same city, on the following Saturday, 380 acres, on behalf of the Master and Fellows of Christ's College, Cambridge. Lieutenant-Colonel J. M. Rogers has instructed them to submit 750 acres, his Kensing Estate, at Sevenoaks, on July 23rd; and Lord Pembroke's sale of Fovant and other outlying parts of the Wilton Estate will come under the hammer of the same firm at Salisbury early next month, the auction of the many thousands of acres occupying three whole days. Messrs. Lofts and Warner are acting in conjunction with Messrs. J. Carter Jonas and Sons as to most of the foregoing arrangements. ARBITER.

CORRESPONDENCE

NAPOLEON'S ABDICATION.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—At this present time it may be considered of interest to show the accompanying facsimile of Napoleon's abdication. Napoleon, like many other great men, was a bad writer, and it is very helpful, therefore, to have the following transcription of what he wrote on April 6th, 1814, as here shown: "Les puissances alliées ayant proclamé que l'empereur Napoléon était le seul obstacle au rétablissement de la paix en Europe, l'empereur, fidèle à son serment, déclare qu'il renonce pour lui et ses enfants, aux trônes de France et d'Italie, et qu'il n'est aucun sacrifice, même celui de la vie, qu'il ne soit prêt à faire aux intérêts de la France."—J. J. M.

6. avril 1814.

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A PEACE TREATY OF OTHER DAYS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—As a spectacle, the signing of the Treaty at Versailles last Saturday afternoon seems to have been extremely disappointing, and one feels a measure of sympathy for those official artists who will have to strive to make a picture out of a welter of black-coated gentlemen who looked strangely out of keeping with the pomp and circumstance of the Gallery of Mirrors. And while thinking of this matter of the *mise-en-scène*, another Peace Treaty picture comes to mind—the canvas whereon Terborch has depicted the Peace of Münster, which ended the Thirty Years' War. It is in our own National Gallery, though not yet retrieved from the basement where air raiders drove it. Strictly, this is not a signing, but a ratification of peace. It shows us the delegates of the Dutch United Provinces and the plenipotentiaries of Philip IV, solemnly ratifying in the Rathhaus at Münster (the capital of Westphalia) on May 15th, 1648, the Treaty of Peace which the Dutch and the Spaniards had signed on the preceding January 30th. The delegates of the United Provinces, six in number, are seen with their right hands raised by way of affirmation; Barthold van Ghent, chief of the Big Six, holds a copy of the

setting of the whole ceremony, so very well suited to the painter's needs. The chandelier, it is said, still hangs in the Münster Rathhaus, where also is a copy of this picture. The original came to us through Sir Richard Wallace in 1871.—R. R. P.

FACSIMILE OF NAPOLEON'S ABDICATION.

CLOCK TOWERS AS VILLAGE WAR MEMORIALS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Will you allow me to ask any of your readers who have had to do with the erection of small clock towers as village war memorials to be so kind as to give me briefly the benefit of their experience?—FREDERICK W. GILES.

HOW TO MAKE A DOG FOLLOW.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I should be very grateful if any of your readers could tell me of a



TERBORCH'S PICTURE OF THE PEACE OF MÜNSTER.

Treaty in his left hand, and next to him is the Count de Peñaranda, the Spanish Ambassador, who has the Treaty itself, and ratifies it, like his colleague, with right hand on the open Bible. Terborch himself, seen in three-quarter face, appears behind. Incidentally we may note the subdued and harmonious

certain method of inducing a dog to follow one when either riding, driving or bicycling, for I have a terrier who, though by nature extremely active and willing to follow me anywhere on foot, utterly refuses to do so when riding, etc.—F.

RED CURRANT WINE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The following recipe for red currant wine from an old family recipe book in manuscript may be of use to your correspondent. "Take two sieves of currants, squeeze them well through a sieve, then throw them into some clean water; strain off that water, and to every gallon of it put three pints and a half of juice, and to every gallon of liquor 3½ lb. of sugar, which is about ten gallons of water and half a hundredweight of sugar to the two sieves of currants. When the fermentation is over (which will be in about three weeks or a month) put in a bottle of brandy with 10z. of isinglass dissolved in a little water, and as it will waste by working, boil up a few pottles of raspberries and cherries, or both, with some sugar, and fill up the cask with it; let it stay six or eight months in the cask and then bottle it, and in every bottle put a lump of fine sugar; cork it well. Two sieves of currants, allowing for all waste, make fifteen gallons of wine. Added to the recipe is a little account of the cost: 10cwt. sugar, £5; 4½ sieves currants, £1 13s.; isinglass, 3s.; brandy, 15s.; rasps, 4s.; total, £7 15s."—K. H.

TARRAGON AND GARLICK VINEGAR.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I possess two old silver labels for sauce bottles, engraved "Tarragon Vinegar" and "Garlick Vinegar." If any of your readers can fish a recipe for the latter out of their great-grandmother's recipe books and let me have it I shall be grateful, as it is sad to see the labels hanging idle round the necks of two very good Waterford glass bottles.—C. E. BARNETT.

THEIR DAILY BREAD ON IMBROS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am enclosing some photographs taken with a vest-pocket camera on the Greek Island of Imbros. In spite, or perhaps because, of the numbers

of our fighting men whom the war took to that part of the world, they may be of interest to readers of COUNTRY LIFE. They both show methods of grinding corn; the first is a Greek windmill, where the bulk of the corn is ground. The vanes can be shifted into the wind, but the wind is very regular in these parts, so much so, that the natives know to a nicety at what strength and for how long the wind will blow. Sometimes, when winnowing, which is done by throwing the mixed corn and chaff up into the air, they work very late into the night, because they know that a change in



A GREEK WINDMILL.

the wind will come next day. During the grinding season the prevailing wind is from the north-east. The mill in the photograph was in motion. It can be stopped by means of a brake and then the sails are removed. The millstone works very fast in comparison with the sails. The second picture is of a Greek woman using a small hand-mill to grind corn for the household. Grain is poured into the hole in the centre of the top stone (in the windmill worked on a like principle, the vibration set up by the mill performing this office), and flour comes out round the edges. The woman is squatting in the doorway of her home.—J. E. BROWNE.

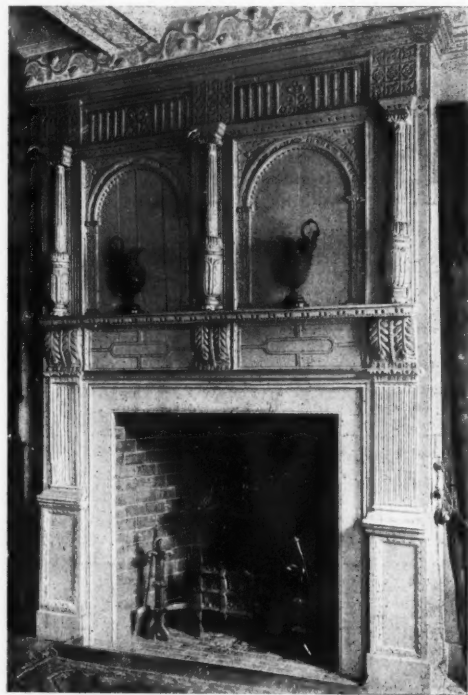


GRINDING AT THE MILL.

REMOVING PAINT FROM OAK.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I can quite understand that it took two artists two or three years to clean the paint from the wainscot oak in Gifford's Hall, for it would be a very tedious work to perform with a sharp knife. There must have been innumerable coats of paint on the oak. My house is Jacobean and has much carved work, so that when I cleaned off the paint I used one of the usual soda mixtures, which a local decorator improved so that it ate off the paint very rapidly. After the paint was removed he neutralised the bad efflorescent action of the soda by washing the oak down with vinegar, the result being that everyone is surprised when I tell them it has been painted. I write this letter to say how I received considerable help from Mr. Burnop — (of Queen Alexandra's School for Cabinet Workers at Sandringham). We



CHIMNEY PIECE FREED FROM DISFIGURING PAINT.

were endeavouring to remove the paint from the quirks, coves, beads, etc., with pieces of sharp steel, but he suggested hard wood strips, shaped to fit the mouldings. This was a great improvement, because the wood did not dig into the oak as the steel did. It is certain that the wood strips preserved the arisies. I commend this hint to anyone who has to clean paint from oak, as you will see by the enclosed photograph that the chimney-piece was full of intricate coves and crevices in the carved portions.—J. H. KERNER-GREENWOOD.

A COLONY FOR EX-OFFICERS IN ENGLAND.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The following may be of interest to readers and may elicit some valuable hints, and first-hand experiences. I am one of a small group who have been considering the pros and cons of an ex-officers' colony in England as market gardeners on the principles of co-operation and evasion of internal dislocation due to labour disputes. The two fundamental handicaps are lack of sufficient capital and sufficient experience. To overcome the former we aim at co-operation in buying and selling and in cultivation. To overcome the latter we propose to pay an experienced instructor to guide and direct our operations for a period of one, two or more years. We hope to have the advantage over the man who works on another man's farm for his experience of gaining such experience and also eliciting a small financial return. The skeleton of our plan is as follows: To maintain each a separate holding and a universally owned central holding—the central being worked by the instructor (probably with one or two hired men at first) partly as example and partly to pay the costs of maintenance of implements and beasts for common use by all the holders. Ten to fifteen ex-officers to put aside £100 for a central fund, assisted by investments of £100 from several promised sleeping partners. It is hoped to raise at least £2,000 for central fund, which is to pay for: £300 for first year instructor's salary and perhaps bonus of, say, 10s. on profits of central holding as a stimulus; £100 for interest payable to sleeping partners, and office expenses and sundries; £1,600 to purchase implements, two horses and possibly cattle or pigs for unsold produce, leaving possibly £600 emergency fund. For purchase of land, or rent-purchase under Small Holdings Act, each holder to furnish £100. Taking a low estimate of £3 an acre, on which the presence of dwellings (cottages) is doubtful, about twenty-five acres per holder and thirty per central (or up to 100 if partly or wholly worked as a farm). Further, each holder to have £100 for personal expenses, e.g., seeds, manures, improvements and board, rates and taxes, etc. Later expenses, it is hoped, will be met by profits, but of that I am personally dubious, for the first few years. The total estimate, it will be seen, comes to £300, and I should mention that it is also suggested that the holders should agree to work their holdings for five years or pay fines, and in the event of death their holdings to be disposed of by the community, either in value or otherwise, to the next of kin by will. There are a lot of difficulties to the scheme which anyone who looks into the matter can see, and others would arise later; therefore, the more foresight we get to bear on it the better hence this letter. In the meantime this is merely the outline at present considered.—O. H. A.

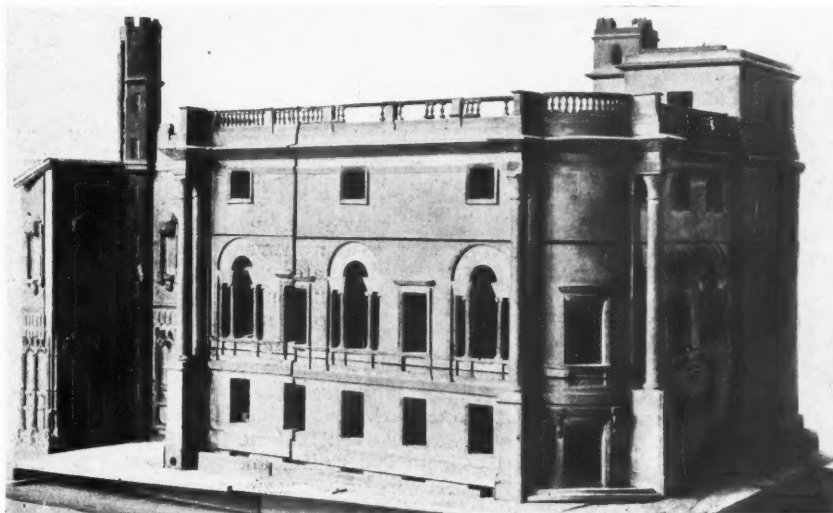
ARCHITECTURAL MODELS AS USED BY SIR JOHN SOANE

IN RELATION TO HIS BUILDINGS IN THE FIRST YEARS OF THE XIX CENTURY

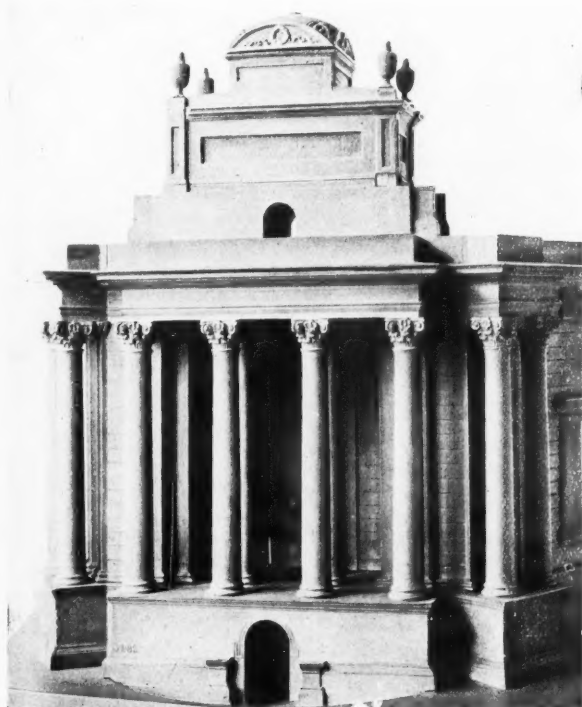
GLANCING at the collection of models, antique and Soaneic, in the Model Room of the Museum in Lincoln's Inn Fields, a well known architect remarked that he "never found models of any service in his own work." There is no doubt that the general opinion of architects is against models, which the layman is apt to regard as a certain solution for all architectural questions. The difference of view should arise from the architect's professional training, which ought to have developed a completeness in his mental impression of the design as it will be when built that will be independent of any objective model. There is a danger side to all such miniature representations of architecture as models, because they cannot give the true effect arising from the actual size and the relative impressiveness of the real masses. Possibly the defective scale of some of Soane's work arose from his having deceived himself in this way. There is a considerable element of truth in the charge of toy-like contrivance, which has been brought against some of his work. The great number of models, highly ingenious, costly, and beautifully made, which he has left us in his collection was no doubt in part due to his desire to enrich his museum with such a record of his own activities. The earliest of these models is, perhaps, that of Tyningham, built 1794-1800, and already illustrated in *COUNTRY LIFE*. The model remained in the house and has only recently been presented by the owner, who was interested to find in the Museum the models of the bridge and entrance lodges of the



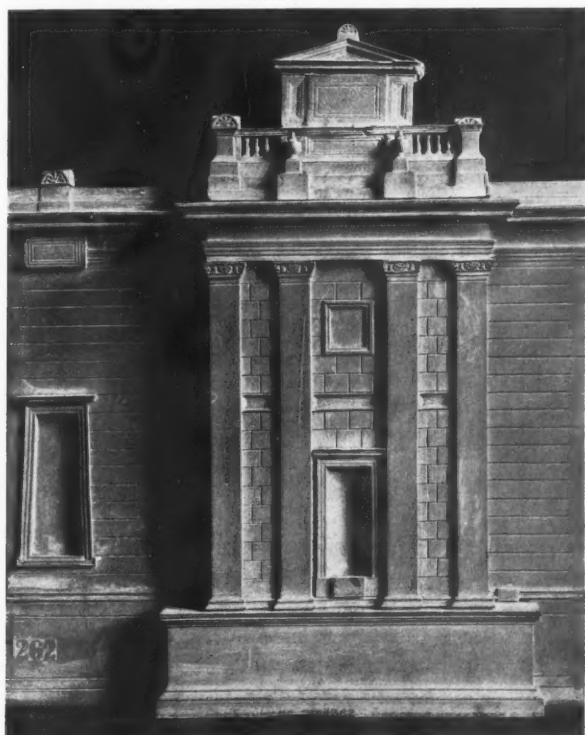
1.—Butterton, Staffordshire. Proposed House for Mr. Thomas Swinnerton (1816).



2.—Partly Executed Design for the North End of the Law Courts, adjoining Westminster Hall (1820-3).



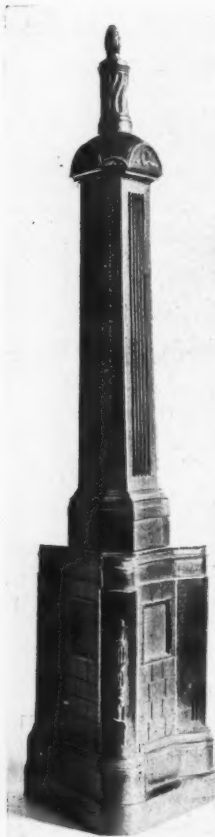
3.—Study for the Tivoli Corner of the Bank (1803).



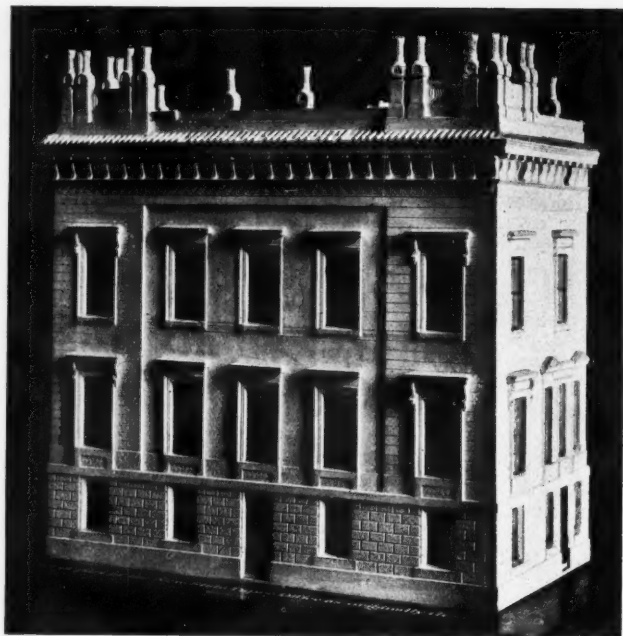
4.—Centre Bay of North Front of the Bank (1794).

same period. The house model lifts off in trays, showing all the internal arrangements of each floor. The model for Butterton (No. 1), a proposed house in Staffordshire, is equally elaborate, and is of the date of 1816. It is unfortunate that this house was not built, as it is a palatial design rather reminiscent of Soane's early devotion to Robert Adam. The next model (No. 2), of the period 1820-3, belongs to one of the most vexatious episodes of Soane's career, and is a model of marked historic interest. A good many people can recall the old Law Courts at Westminster which were pulled down when the New Palace of Justice in the Strand was opened. The older courts had been contrived by Soane with the utmost ingenuity between the great buttresses of Westminster Hall. At the southern end they joined up to buildings by Kent, Palladian in style, and Soane thought, with reason, that his addition should harmonise with the later work up to the junction with the northern towers of the Hall. In his opinion it was better for the old work to be contrasted with the horizontal lines of a classic design, than that an attempt should be made to clothe the new building in an imitation mediæval dress. Considerations of a highly restricted site, however, brought

his new façade out to about the face of the old towers, and although he introduced the ingenious rounded corners, flanked by a tall order, protests were raised that he was obstructing the view of the Hall. The agitation ended in 1824 in the appointment of a Parliamentary Committee, and in Soane's half-built work being stopped. After a considerable wrangle Soane was ordered to pull down the front section of his building and set it back, and a wretched compromise of façade was eventually put up for which he disclaimed all responsibility. It must in justice be said that Soane hesitated and confused the issue by offering to turn his Palladian windows into Gothic tracery, and his columns into mediæval buttresses, and this half-heartedness probably had a good deal to do with his eventual discomfiture. The next model (No. 3) is highly instructive, and illustrates Soane's amazing thoroughness in design. It represents an intermediary stage in the development of his masterpiece, the Tivoli Corner of the Bank. However elaborate the final drawings or model might be, Soane never hesitated to scrap it if he saw a possible improvement, and this beautiful model was thrown over when he at last decided on the sweeping curved lines of the existing north-west angle of the Bank. The next model (No. 4) represents another disappointment,



5.—Model of Obelisk in Market Place at Reading (1804).



6.—The State Paper Office (1829, destroyed 1872), Duke Street, St. James's Park.

for in place of this bay, which, for all its elegance and classic refinement, is too weak for its position, Soane had intended a regular six-columned portico as the centre feature of the north front of the Bank. Restrictions of site, however, were enforced against him, and his portico had to be abandoned. Model No. 5, a beautifully made mahogany obelisk of a triangular shape, was designed for the Market Place at Reading. It must have been of great interest to him in 1804 to execute this work so near to his native village of Whitchurch, where he was born in 1753. For an angular structure of this kind a model might well be required, and it is interesting to know that Soane arrived at this unique design by discarding earlier ideas, in which columns of a more customary character appear.

The last model (No. 6)—unlike the others, which are all of wood—is made in plaster, and very finely executed, with the most minute exactitude of detail. It represents one of London's losses, being the State Paper Office, formerly in Duke Street, St. James's Park; the site is now built over by the Foreign and India Offices, the work of Sir Gilbert Scott and Sir Mathew Digby Wyatt in 1872. Designed in 1829, and the last of Soane's works, this building is so different in general character from his other works, that it may with a good deal of reason be ascribed to the influence of Barry, who had returned from his grand tour in 1820 and, after some preliminary essays in Greek work, was at this time commencing the introduction of the Florentine astyler Italian, which was so successful in the Travellers' Club (1829-30) and in the Reform Club (1837). The earliest essay in this type of classic, the Villa Attree at Brighton, was only recently illustrated in these pages.

ARTHUR T. BOLTON.

MADemoiselle LENGLEN

COMPLEAT LAWN TENNIS PLAYER

Mlle. LENGLEN has made good the legend that preceded her. She has established her reputation as the most completely satisfying woman player yet seen on the All-England Club lawns. Not a seat was left when she came into the Centre Court for the first time. Enough for most people to meet so formidable, so wily an opponent as Mrs. Larcombe. Add to that the piled-up thousands of eager, critical spectators that have before now been the undoing of great ones of the game, and we have a combination of circumstances that provides a good enough test of nerve and self-command. Mlle. Lenglen came into court with none of that portentous solemnity that is a tribute to the gallery. She just tripped in—a lithe, smiling little person—in a costume that should set a fashion at Wimbledon and elsewhere—no whit affected, apparently, by the “cathedral calm.” She won the toss and served—and Mrs. Larcombe won the first game. But the next was a love game in Mlle. Lenglen's favour. Mrs. Larcombe found herself against an opponent who countered

her at every point; herself one of the few women volleyers of distinction, she was kept on the run behind the base line while her opponent called the tune from the net. The match is, however, now past history, though one may doubt whether Mlle. Lenglen will meet any more formidable opposition than Mrs. Larcombe's precision and experience. At the time of writing she has yet to meet Miss Ryan. What is the secret of her success and where does her strength lie? The answer is: there is no secret. Her success is due to all-round excellence without fads or tricks. Her play is perfectly proportioned in the sense that she has no “great” stroke—all are equally good. Her driving, both on the fore-hand and back-hand, is magnificent in its consistency, and her overhead play is marked by all the calm precision that makes some of her male compatriots so deadly when a lob is essayed. Her first service is much surer than the second, and in her match with Mrs. Larcombe several times secured her an ace. She is amazingly quick on her feet, is always on her toes, and invariably hits the ball



Mlle. LENGLEN'S BACK-HAND REACH.



A HALF-COURT SMASH

plumb in the middle of her racket. But if she has no "great" stroke, she has one great quality. "It's her timing," said Mrs. Larcombe in the course of a chat after the match, "her perfect timing. She never seems to make mistakes or lose her head." "But," parries the bewildered beholder and the keen, tennis-playing reader, "how is such excellence attained?" Again there is no mystery. Mlle. Lenglen has played the game from her childhood, but never "on her own." From the very beginning her father—who is no player himself—has been at hand and has criticised every stroke. She has thus never had excuse for developing bad habits. She has had nothing to unlearn as most girls—and men—have, but has steadily mastered the straightforward, orthodox rules of good play. The onlooker who is dazzled by her brilliancy should not forget that her strokes are all ordinary in the sense that they are all modelled on the accepted standards of good play. Above all, she has never been intimidated from going up to the net. That raised-eyebrow question, "What are you doing at the net?" has kept many a girl to the base-line for fear of being passed and so looking ridiculous. The moral for English players is: Begin young, cultivate good style, and do not be tempted to start the game without good teaching.

THE FIRST WEEK'S PLAY

COLONEL KINGSCOTE, by his hard-won victory over M. Max Decugis, has put renewed hope into those who saw the English stalwarts melt away in the early rounds. To be sure, Mr. Roper Barrett was unlucky enough to meet the redoubtable Mr. Patterson in the second round. Though he lost in three straight sets, it was a magnificent tussle, and Mr. Barrett has seldom played better—indeed, though he was losing, he seemed the more resourceful player—wily as ever, with beautifully timed shots. He won the first four games and hope ran high. But the young Australian was the better man. Then Mr. Gore, the former champion, whose twenty-eighth Wimbledon this is, went down in the first round. So, too, did Sir G. A. Thomas, who was drawn against Mr. O'Hara Wood, yet another of the formidable band of Australians, which is playing havoc with settled reputations. At the end of the first week, however, there were still three old stagers left in the last eight—Mr. Ritchie, who revenged Mr. Gore's defeat by beating Mr. F. H. Jarvis; Mr. Dixon, who met nothing like serious opposition until his match with Mr. D. Mathey in the fourth round; and Colonel Kingscote.

Great things were expected of the Australians and especially of Mr. Patterson, who, by the way, copied his service from that Mr. McLoughlin, who played in Sydney in 1908, and Mr. O'Hara Wood. Both play a terrific game; the one specially deadly with his crashing service and deft back-hand placing down the side line, the

other by his uncanny quickness at the net and fine overhead play. More things seemed unlikely than that one or other of them would challenge his fellow-countryman, Major N. E. Brookes, for the title he at present holds. But there is another of the Australians who must be reckoned with—Mr. R. V. Thomas. In the first round his match against Mr. J. C. Masterman ran into the fifth set, and the fifth set went to seven all before the Australian finally pulled it off. A surprise came when, in the second round, he met and vanquished, though again in a five set match, Mr. Clarence Griffin, the American player who has beaten everyone in America except Mr. McLoughlin. Mr. Griffin won the first set with easy confidence, but in Mr. Thomas he had an opponent who appeared to thrive on adversity. Still the prophets paid little heed. Then came the match against another American hope—Mr. Walter Davis, who serves and volleys like lightning. But the young Australian, like Brer Rabbit, "E lay low and say nuffin." The American took the first set, 6-2, and the crowd was satisfied that that fairly bore out reputations. But quietly—as it seemed—without unseemly fuss or show, the tide turned and Mr. Thomas won the next three sets, 7-5, 7-5, 6-2. It was a magnificent performance—really first-class play of all-round excellence.

Australia has thus been very much to the fore. New Zealand had but one representative—the Hon. F. M. B. Fisher. Unfortunately he was scratched by the committee owing to late arrival. His play in doubles, however, when with Mr. Ritchie for partner, he assisted in defeating the famous Gore and Roper Barrett combination, gave some taste of his quality. He has a fine service and is admirable at the net—

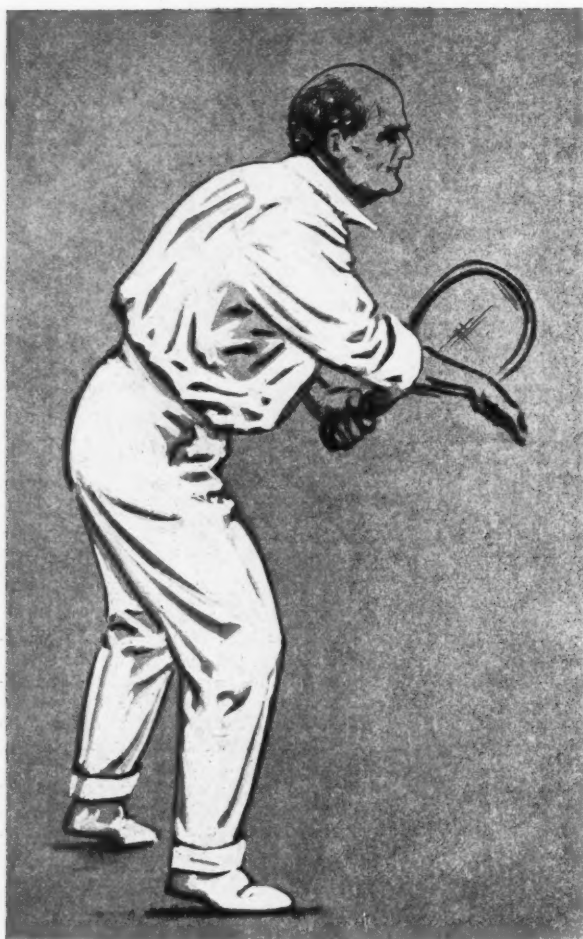
indeed, he was the best of the four. The unfortunate muddle over Mr. G. H. Dodd's entry was put right by his taking the place—with ready unanimity of all competitors—of Mr. T. N. Radcliffe, the Oxonian, who was ill. Mr. Dodd is the South African Davis Cup captain, and it would have been most unsatisfactory at such a meeting as the "Victory Wimbledon," if he had not represented South Africa. He was put out by Mr. O'Hara Wood, but is none the less a fine player. He began faultlessly, but seemed to tire after the second set.

Mr. Wood scored another notable victory over the picturesque American, Mr. Washburn. The match lasted nearly three hours, and Mr. Washburn took the first set at 12-14, and the match went into five sets, the last falling to Mr. Wood at 6-3.

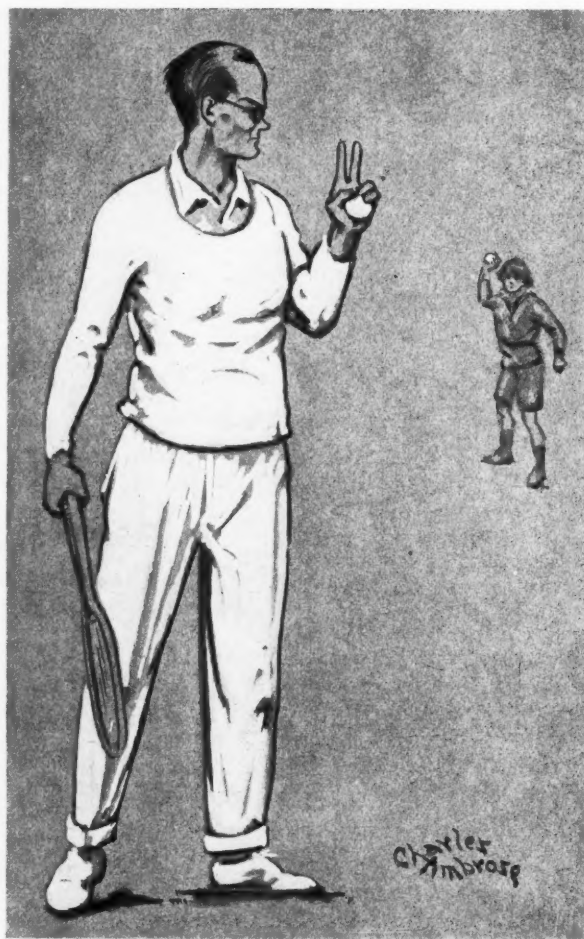
Of the Frenchmen, one remains in the last eight—M. A. H. Gobert—whose game seems to have improved, if anything, by five years intermission spent mostly in the air! His meeting on Monday with Mr. Patterson will, indeed, be remembered as a battle of giants. The second week opens then, with as much scope for speculation as ever. Anything may happen; only one thing is certain—that Major Brookes will need all his



MOVING ACROSS THE COURT.



THE HON. F. M. B. FISHER.



MR. W. M. WASHBURN.

old-time power if he is to defend his title successfully. Some account has already been given of Mlle. Lenglen's brilliant performances, so there is little else to record of the Ladies' Singles Championship. In some points she may have superiors among the ladies. For example, Mrs. Larcombe thinks her service not so difficult as Miss Ryan's; her side-line play cannot well be more accurate or hard than Mrs. Lambert

Chambers', but M. Lenglen has seen to it that his daughter developed no stroke at the cost of another.

It is difficult to see what can stop the young French girl pocketing the championship. If Mrs. Lambert Chambers is defeated, it will be honourable defeat. But it will mean the passing for ever of the distinctly feminine style in lawn tennis.

C. B. MORTLOCK.

SOME IMPRESSIONS FROM ST. ANDREWS

BY BERNARD DARWIN.

GOLF must always be a game of lost chances and bitter regrets, but surely there never was a tournament in which so many men threw away so many glorious opportunities as that at St. Andrews last week. The famous eleventh hole had one fearful disaster to answer for when Ray, after leading the field for three rounds, went first into the Eden, then into Strath, from there into the Hill bunker, where he took three solid thuds with his niblick, ultimately to hole out in eight. But apart from this dramatic horror, nearly all the chances were frittered away on the putting green. It is always difficult for the looker-on to maintain a balanced and reasonable judgment in this matter of putting. However experienced a watcher, however conscious of his own shortcomings on the green he may be, he finds it hard not to adopt too fiercely critical an attitude. Still, after making all due allowances, I think one may safely say that the average putting of the professionals at St. Andrews was extremely poor.

Ray, as I have said, finally and irretrievably ruined himself through bunkers at the eleventh hole, but he had jeopardised himself long before that by weakness on the green. In his very first round of 75 he played such magnificent golf up to the green that had he ever given the hole a chance, goodness knows what he might not have done. Abe Mitchell was much bolder; he really did go for the hole, yet he too had a deplorable lapse that came near to destroying him. In that most crucial third round when he seemed set for a 76, he was suddenly attacked by putting paralysis, so badly that he had hard work to finish in 80, and from the foot of the seventeenth green he played four consecutive strokes with his putter before getting into the hole. Duncan's splendid and sustained spurt in the last round left him in a winning position with but two holes to go, and he made no mistake up to the greens, but there was a sad story of three putts on each of the last two greens to tell. Finally there was Harry Vardon. His golf was as beautifully accurate and finished

up to greens as ever it was, but on the first day he could not hole out from 4ft. On the second day his wooden putter treated him better, and he played so superbly that with five holes to go one of the most heroic of all his victories seemed in sight. Then that accursed putter betrayed him once again, and he just failed to tie with Mitchell and Duncan.

Well, here is a great deal about putting, but no impression of the tournament would be in the least a true one if this universal weakness on the greens was not emphasised to the full. And, of course, it was the more noticeable by reason of the gorgeous golf up to the hole. Nothing could possibly have been finer than the driving and those long, straight forcing punches with the iron which are the despair and envy of the amateur. If there was one player who was more impressive than the rest, it was Abe Mitchell. Finer driving it is impossible to conceive. Not only was he so long as to make a really good driver like Batley his partner seem absolutely puny, but Taylor himself could hardly have been straighter. Against the wind or down the wind or across the wind, the ball sped from his 160z. bludgeon as an arrow from the bow. His iron play, too, was quite excellent, and far better controlled than in his amateur days. That he is to-day one of the most formidable of all golfers no longer admits of dispute, and if he once wins the Championship he may be almost as invincible as Harry Vardon once was.

Duncan deserves infinite credit for tying for first place, for he had a great deal of leeway to make up. A few years ago that dreadful seven at the second hole and his 43 out in the first round would have destroyed him. To-day he has curbed that artistic temperament of his, and no man could have stuck to his work more dourly. Ritchie, the other hope of Scotland, on the last day greatly increased his reputation, and with six holes to go seemed to have victory within his grasp. There is no more beautiful style than his in the world of golf, and with a little more belief in himself he will be a most dangerous player.

A FUND FOR THE PURCHASE OF MODERN PRINTS

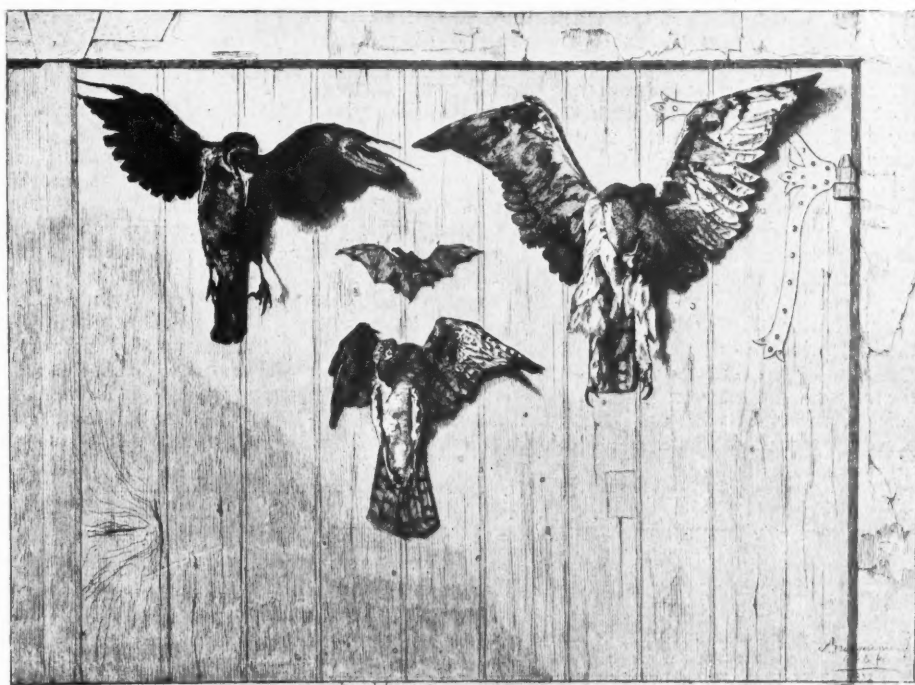
By CAMPBELL DODGSON.

ANYONE who has given any thought to the position of engraving at the present time must realise that the revival of etching and lithography, of woodcuts and colour prints as mediums for original expression in graphic art is the fact that gives its special character and interest to the work of our generation.

Reproductive engraving, especially in the form of mezzotint, is still alive in the hands of a number of accomplished artists, but etching, as a method of translating pictures, is already falling into decay, like its predecessor the old-fashioned steel engraving of the Turner and Landseer periods. The painter-etcher has come into his own again, and an increasing number of collectors now realise how beautiful a medium lithography can be in the able and sympathetic hands of a fine draftsman who is a fine craftsman as well. The revival is no new thing. It has been going on since 1860; it has a considerable literature of its own already. But since 1890, still more since 1900, and more again since 1910, there has been a greater production of good original prints and a wider appreciation of them. England and Scotland, as well as France, America, Holland and Sweden, have produced a small number of etchers of the first rank, whose work has been quickly appreciated and is now eagerly sought after at prices which a few years ago would have been thought fantastic, and also a larger number than is generally realised of good artists in black and white, whose prints have been less exhibited, praised and advertised, and consequently can still be bought at less expense by the discriminating collector who trusts his own judgment.

It would be a reproach to our national collections if they failed to mark the progress of events and to appreciate the importance of securing the good work that is being done every year before it becomes so scarce and expensive that the chance of buying it is gone for ever. Museums are essentially conservative institutions, and so rich in the work of the past that there is a danger of too much concentration on the study of old masters. But art never "stops short": centuries, decades and other periods are just convenient aids to classification, without corresponding to any real break in continuity. A museum that is rich in Dürer, Rembrandt and Van Dyck, Piranesi and Goya, Meryon, Millet, Whistler and Legros ought to be rich also in Strang, Bone and Cameron, in Degas, Toulouse-Lautrec, Forain, Zorn and Bauer.

The British Museum, indeed, cannot be reproached with complete neglect of modern artists. Thanks largely, it is true, to the generosity of the artists themselves, it contains a considerable number of fine modern etchings and lithographs, chiefly English, and, to a less extent, foreign also. But a greater and, above all, more systematic effort is



"LE HAUT D'UN BATTANT DE PORTE," BY BRACQUEMOND.



"GARDEUSE D'OIES," BY PISSARRO.

needed to raise it to the same level of impartial and representative completeness in modern prints as had already been attained, long before the war, in some of the enemy capitals—notably in Dresden, Berlin and Budapest. In each of these cities the foresight of an enterprising director, aided by private liberality, has brought together a

remarkable collection of modern work of the French and English schools, as well as the best etchings and lithographs of their own country. Judged by the enhanced prices to which the original prints of the nineteenth century, and those of the twentieth too, have already risen, such timely purchases must be commended as prudent and worthy of imitation. In France, the great collection at the Bibliothèque Nationale is being supplemented by one of much more recent growth, which is being formed at the Bibliothèque d'Art et d'Archéologie in the Rue Spontini, where M. Clément-Janin, aided by the generosity of M. Jacques Doucet, is bringing together an astonishingly fine collection of contemporary prints, mainly, but not exclusively, French.

If anything like this is to be done in England, a special fund is needed for the purpose. The official grant for purchases allotted to the Print Room of the British Museum is sadly inadequate for the sole purpose of keeping up the historical character of the collection, now that the prices of prints and drawings by old masters have risen so enormously. Ever since I have been keeper of this department it has been my ambition to do more for modern art, but it has become clear that accessions will depend too much upon the accidents of friendship and relations with particular artists or particular donors, unless a fund is available by which the best work of various countries and various kinds can be bought promptly as opportunities occur. Foreigners who come here expecting to find the best works of our native modern artists represented ought not to be doomed to disappointment, any more than our native artists themselves if they expect to find some of the best prints of other countries in the national collection.

It is hoped that the fund now being inaugurated under the auspices of the Contemporary Art Society, to remedy these defects, will meet with recognition and success. It is proposed to buy modern prints and drawings, both British and

foreign, which will remain for a time in the possession of the Contemporary Art Society, and will be available, at the discretion of the committee, for exhibition in London and elsewhere. They will then be offered for acceptance to the Trustees of the British Museum, or, if declined, to other public institutions. Anyone who is interested in this project, and willing to become a donor or subscriber, is invited to communicate with the Keeper of Prints and Drawings, British Museum.

For the benefit of this fund an exhibition of Modern French Etchings and Lithographs is being held at 22, Montagu Square, W.1, from June 28th to July 13th, inclusive. It contains a selection, necessarily much limited by space, of typical etchings by Bracquemond, Manet, Legros, Rodin, Ribot, Forain and Lepère, and of lithographs by Manet, Pissarro, Odilon Redon, Toulouse-Lautrec, Fantin-Latour, Carrière, and again Forain. By the latter, also, is a further selection of the wonderful cartoons which used to appear during the war in *Figaro*. Many of the later ones are equal, if not superior, to those of the first years of the war, in dramatic invention and masterly draughtsmanship. A group included in the present exhibition of subjects suggested by air raids on Paris is sure to arouse sympathy and interest. These cartoons of 1917 and 1918 have not yet been exhibited in London. The two prints illustrated here, as samples of the older work included in the exhibition, do not compete with Forain in actuality. Bracquemond's etching, "Le haut d'un battant de porte," etched in 1852 by a lad of nineteen, is a marvellous piece of technique, exhibiting a mastery of textures which has rarely been excelled in etching. Pissarro's "Gardeuse d'Oies" is a lithograph with all the sunny charm of this famous impressionist artist, whose prints have never yet been made the subject of any catalogue or comprehensive study.

IN THE GARDEN

THE IMPORTANCE OF GARDEN TRIALS.

IT is only too well known that flower shows are responsible for many disappointments in gardens. The garden owner attending a flower show sees, it may be for the first time, a wonderful rose, a new strawberry, or a promising dish of potatoes. These novelties are duly planted in his garden, and what is the result? More often than not the new rose refuses to grow; the strawberry proves a poor cropper; and the potato turns out to be an old variety under a new name. Many have learnt from experience how misleading it is to select new varieties either in flowers, fruits or vegetables at flower shows.

Wanted, a Trial of Roses.—There is more disappointment over new roses than over any other flower in cultivation, and it is safe to say that not one new rose in twenty will hold its own with existing roses for garden effect. To know the true value of a new rose, or any other plant, it must be seen growing. Only a few years ago, to take one instance, the rose *British Queen* was sent out. It is a sweet-scented white rose, and was shown in wonderful form, receiving the highest awards and greatest praise it was possible to bestow on a new rose. This variety has turned out a poor grower; in many gardens it has dwindled away and died out. If we had rose trials in this country, it would not be possible for roses of weak constitution to receive awards, but disappointments in gardens will, we fear, continue so long as new varieties are selected in a show tent. There are rose trials in France and in the United States; why not in England? The necessity of rose trials has often been brought to the notice of the National Rose Society; it may be that the Society has its reasons for not holding trials, but we do not know what they are; it cannot, we think, be for lack of funds. What is true of roses applies also to crops raised from seed.

The Value of the Wisley Trials.—How, then, are we to select varieties? In the first place we depend for quality upon the reputation of the firm which supplies the seeds, but even the best firms are inclined to look upon their own geese as swans. So far as we know, there is no other way of arriving at the true value of plants other than by independent trials such as those held in the Royal Horticultural Society's Gardens at Wisley, where the plants are grown under numbers, and are judged by special committees appointed for that purpose. These trials afford a most useful guide to the best cropping varieties. The date of every sowing in the experimental gardens is entered up in the trial books, with observations on the usefulness—or otherwise—of any particular variety. When it is remembered that some of the varieties of the same kind of vegetable can be matured in less than half, sometimes in one-third, of the time which others have taken, it will be evident that great possibilities exist for increasing the vegetable supply of a season. There are cabbages which are fit to cut within twelve weeks

from the time of sowing. There are others which take twelve months. This same principle applies to most other vegetables.

A point we wish to emphasise is that the power of germination is a minor point where we are concerned with intensive cultivation. A guarantee of germination is no test for quality or purity of strain. On the contrary, it is well known that primitive varieties of plants germinate far better than the superior varieties which are the result of years of selection and cross-fertilisation. The seed of the wild parsnip would doubtless germinate better than that of the finest *Hollow Crown*, and it would be surprising if wild celery did not germinate better than *Aldenham Pink*, but the wildings are worse than useless. Both the wild celery and the wild parsnip are poisonous, and yet the Government test of purity indicates the percentage true to the species only.

July Sowing for Autumn and Winter Vegetables.—In this connection it may be remembered that Mr. Arthur W. Sutton delivered a lecture dealing with this subject before the Royal Horticultural Society in October last, entitled: "How the Amateur may secure Three Crops of Vegetables in Twelve Months without the aid of glass or of heat." This lecture is reported in the current issue of the Royal Horticultural Society's *Journal*, and we advise all those who have a copy of the *Journal* to read it. The main point to be observed is that seed should not be sown in July for transplanting. It should be scattered very sparingly on the soil and the plants thinned out afterwards, so that there is no break or interruption in growth, such as is caused by transplanting. Among the vegetables thus grown, Mr. Sutton illustrates a bed of spinach, seven weeks old, and says that the spinach, ready for use in September, was finer in quality than any that could be gathered in June or July. Either the round or prickly seeded varieties can be grown, but he advises the former. Spinach beet and endives answer admirably under the system. Dwarf French beans can be raised in a favourable season if suitable varieties are selected, the writer's choice being *Ne Plus Ultra*.

Carrots can be grown easily, but the varieties should be early maturing, such as *Early Horn*, *Early Gem* and *Champion Horn*. Fine young beets of excellent flavour and colour can be got ready for use in September and October, and if they are pulled as required the result will be a saving in the main crop stored for winter and spring use. But only the globe or turnip-rooted beet should be sown.

The welcome break in the recent long drought has been most opportune; it is now possible to increase the vegetable supply by raising crops from seed sown during July. So impressed by this subject are the members of some of our leading horticultural societies that they are starting this year a competition for the best dishes of vegetables grown from seed sown in July.